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THE PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESSES.

THE address of the President of the Northern States of America appears this year without exciting much curiosity or creating any surprise. From his bed of sickness Mr. Lincoln has written just what it was supposed he would write—a paper full of satisfaction in the past and of glorious anticipation for the future. Abroad, he has no troubles. He is "in peace and friendship with all foreign Powers," the later decision of the English law courts and the more friendly action of the English Government having left no necessity to burn London or fill the Thames with the ruins of St. Paul's. At home, the cause of the negro prospers. "The crisis which threatened to divide the friends of the Union is past; the rebellion is pressed within its narrowest limits;" and though no absolute period is set, this time, to the career of rebeldom, the President has no doubt that its end is near, and therefore in this message he issues a proclamation to the people of the Confederate States acquainting them with the terms upon which they will be taken back into the Yankee bosom. Amnesty is offered to all save those who "are or shall have been civil or diplomatic officers or agents of the so-called Confederate Government; all who have left judicial stations

under the United States to aid the rebellion; all who are or shall have been military or naval officers of the said so-called Confederate Government above the rank of colonel in the army or lieutenant in the navy; all who left seats in the United States Congress to aid the rebellion; all who resigned commissions in the army or navy of the United States and afterwards aided the rebellion." The only condition which Mr. Lincoln imposes is that everybody so amnestied shall "swear to support the Constitution and the Union, all the acts of Congress, and all proclamations of the President made during the war, until such acts and proclamations may be declared void by the Supreme Court."

What this offer comes to is seen at a glance. There is nothing more inviting in it than the fate of a country regularly beaten and trampled into submission. If the heads of the Government, "the principal naval and military officers," everybody, in short, who has lifted a finger for the Confederacy, are to be given up, so that they may be "made safe" by transmission into another world, and if the rest of the people are to acquiesce in Mr. Lincoln's plans of confiscation, we scarcely know what he proposes to abate of a conqueror's privileges—unless it be the establishment of some

new "bloody assizes," at which every tenth citizen is to be condemned, or the fulfilment of the threat to raze the cities of the South and make of it a solitude for ever. Amnesties of such a sort as this are only vaunts; they are meant to be significant, not of the mercies or the moderation of him who makes them, but of his power to destroy. And so there is nothing new in Mr. Lincoln's proclamation. The Southerners have long been aware that they have only to hand over Davis, Lee, Longstreet, Beauregard, Stuart, Johnston, Semmes, and five hundred other brave men, to be hanged by those whom they have thrashed into a proper condition of vindictiveness, and the miseries of war are over. But there is no probability, we might say no possibility, of any such event as that happening. The fiery-tempered Southerner, with his somewhat exotic sense of "chivalry," knows very well that he would be degraded to the level of his lowest nigger if he consented to give up the companions of Stonewall Jackson to be gibbeted or caged in gaol. No; if the war is to end by the submission of the South, this condition must be removed; and the very fact that it is made shows that, in the opinion of Mr. Lincoln, the time for treaties of reconciliation has not yet arrived. The war must go on. The



DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES ON BOARD THE MARINE OFFICERS' TRAINING-SHIP WORCESTER.

brutal, dead weight of numbers, pressing upon armies vastly superior in skill, courage, temper, must be felt more sorely yet; and it appears from the "estimates" that the Northern Government anticipate this pressure will have to be continued for at least two years longer before the confederacy will be exhausted.

How many men this operation is likely yet to cost is not calculated. They are German and Irish lives, for the most part, which are sacrificed in this fatal conflict for Bunkum principles and impossible empire, and therefore we hear nothing of them. The cost of victory in money claims closer attention; and we see how prodigiously wasteful is the expense in that way too. A hundred and eighty millions sterling were raised by the Northern States last year, and spent on the war. But only one sixth part of this enormous sum was got by taxation—a hundred and fifty millions sterling were borrowed! Ninety-five millions of pounds more must be borrowed to carry on till July, 1864; but as even the Northerners do not anticipate that the wreath of victory will descend to them as early as that, it is announced forthwith that a hundred and nine millions sterling, in addition, will have to be borrowed for the work of the next twelve months. By that time, the debt of the Northern States will amount, it is estimated, to four hundred and forty million pounds, accumulated in three years. How near to the truth this reckoning may be we have no means to guide us, for nobody relies on the official veracity of Mr. Lincoln's ministers, and, indeed, it is highly probable that the real financial condition of the States is unknown at present. But, with all the disposition to boast of a big debt, as well as of big rivers, big forests, and the rest of it, the Americans are not likely to overrate their liabilities at the moment when more money on loan is wanted. Certainly, there are no signs of despondency on this account. The North is confident of its power to raise as much money as it wants, and gaily goes a-borrowing. More treasure, more men, more battles, that are defeats in the field, if you please, but successes politically, since they exhaust the fast-failing strength of the foe, and in two years or so the rebellion will be at an end. That is the burden of Abraham Lincoln's address, and, to do him justice, we believe the people over whom he rules care no more than he does how crippling soever may be the load of debt, how monstrous the carnage, how many or how disgraceful the defeats which bring on the day when they hope to see the South a subjugated country.

Mr. Davis's address is very different in manner and matter from that of Mr. Lincoln. It is written with a sobriety of style and breadth of view worthy of a man who calls himself statesman, and there is a frankness about it which convinces us that nothing is left untold that ought to be known, and nothing wilfully coloured to cover disaster, to flatter parties, to promote fanaticism, or even to "stir the hearts of the people," as it is called. Mr. Davis's plain dealing with his countrymen is most honourable to himself and to them; and, just as we cannot help sharing the mortification of the soldiers, who gain victory after victory by their skill and courage without advancing their cause by a single step, so we are sorry that a candid ruler has so little to say in encouragement of a people who have fortitude enough to hear all the truth and still go fighting on. There can be no mistake about Mr. Davis's address: it is, as has been said, despondent. In that portion of it, indeed, where the partiality of the English Government is arraigned, there is even a tone of bitterness very like that which comes into the mind before despair. Nevertheless, the day of despair is not yet, and another year, with its many probabilities of disunion amongst the Northerners—a disunion which Mr. Lincoln has himself very much provided for by his proclaimed adherence to his "emancipation policy"—may put a new complexion on the state of affairs. For our own part, we do not attempt to conceal the wish that it may be so for everybody's sake. The subjugation of the South, supposing it to be accomplished after another (say) half million of lives are lost, would be one of the most terrible misfortunes that could happen to the Continent. Nothing but despotism in some shape could uphold such a state of things long; and though the partition of Poland may have been more iniquitous at the beginning, we are convinced that the conquest of the Southern States of America would be more disastrous in the end.

THE THAMES MARINE OFFICERS' TRAINING-SHIP WORCESTER.

In the summer of last year several of the principal London merchants and shipowners (foremost of whom was the late Mr. Richard Green) determined to establish a training-ship for the education of boys who might ultimately become officers in the Mercantile Marine Service. The success which had attended the establishment of a similar school on board the Conway, at Liverpool, and the necessity for some distinct means of affording a thoroughly nautical training to boys destined for a seafaring life, induced the Admiralty to place her Majesty's ship Worcester at the disposal of the association. The requisite funds having been subscribed by the promoters, a sort of naval college was founded on board this vessel, which was fitted and prepared for the accommodation of 200 pupils, and opened in August last year with fourteen scholars, the number having since increased to fifty-eight. Each of these boys receives an education of a high class, of course with special reference to his intended profession, and at an expense less than that at an ordinary boarding school.

The scholarships attached to this naval college take the form of cadetships, to which there are several nominations in the gift of the committee—one in the Navy, presented by Rear-Admiral Lord Clarence Paget; six in the service of Mr. Henry Green, and some others. Boys who have been educated for two years on board the Worcester are eligible for these nominations, and these two years' training are allowed by the Board of Trade to count as one year of sea-service in the subsequent examinations for passing as second officer.

If the true greatness of England lies in her commercial prosperity, it must surely be of the utmost importance that the future commanders of her merchant fleet shall be efficient sailors, thoroughly

acquainted with the science of their profession; that those to whom are intrusted the wealth, the credit, and frequently the lives of their countrymen should be capable of undertaking such a charge. It must be remembered, too, that the very foundation of the naval supremacy which has for so long belonged to our nation lay in the mercantile marine, and that the deeds which established it were those of the commanders, the "merchant adventurers," and the old sea-dogs who had learned their duties by sailing in trading-vessels or vessels of discovery, which they could navigate, or fight, or load with rich cargoes, as occasion served.

To those, then, who still believe that our national prestige must be supported by the crews that man our vessels, whether those vessels be built of wood or iron, this school on board the Worcester will have a deep significance, since such institutions must one day result in a great advantage to the country, whether in peace or war. These were the reflections of the company which assembled at Erith last week to witness the distribution of the prizes by Lord Clarence Paget to the naval cadets on board the training-ship, and the impression was deepened by his Lordship's speech and by the observations he afterwards made to the officers of the Royal Naval Reserve, who then met him for the first time since the formation of the force.

Fortunately, the weather on Monday, the 14th, was bright and fine at Erith, although it had been misty enough higher up the river; and the old 50-gun ship looked gay with flags as the fresh youngsters, in their smart uniforms, manned the yards to welcome Sir James Duke, who was chairman on the occasion, and the Rear-Admiral, who has from the first taken a deep interest in their school, and now attended, accompanied by Lady Paget, to distribute the prizes.

The ceremony took place on the main deck, which was ornamented with flags and evergreens, and the cadets occupied a place in front of the table where the prizes were displayed.

Sir James Duke, in opening the proceedings, expressed his great gratification at being asked to preside, and at witnessing the movement carried on so successfully for the welfare of the rising classes of our mercantile marine. He congratulated the association on having enlisted the abilities of Lord Clarence Paget in contributing to the success of the institution, and attributed to his exertions the position of the mercantile marine with regard to the Royal Navy.

The hon. secretary, Mr. W. M. Bullivant, then read the reports of the examiners, Captains Domett and Mr. Henry Mugridge, both of whom spoke in very high terms of the mathematical and nautical attainments of the boys, as well as of their proficiency in some of the most difficult operations in ordinary seamanship. Mr. Mugridge paid a well-merited compliment to the head master, Mr. W. T. Read, M.A., for his success in teaching so much mathematics even to the younger boys.

Before distributing the prizes, Lord Clarence Paget expressed the sincere interest which he had felt in the institution of this school when the subject was first mentioned to him by the late Mr. Richard Green, and his delight that it had been so promptly carried out. His Lordship remarked that we were still behindhand in such a cause; and that, considering the immense importance of our commerce, he hoped to see similar institutions established in all our principal ports.

The prizes distributed by his Lordship consisted of nautical instruments and books, while several of the pupils obtained honourable mention. As each of the successful candidates came forward his Lordship addressed to him a few well-chosen words of congratulation and advice, and after the distribution continued to address them in such kindly, straightforward, and manly fashion as they could well understand and appreciate. He advised them, with regard to their studies, to pay especial attention to mathematics, mechanical science, and to the construction of the steam-engine. His Lordship concluded his address to the boys by a few impressive remarks on those higher duties of morality and religion which alone would secure their happiness.

In addressing the officers of the Naval Reserve, his Lordship said:—From the very first, I have looked on the Naval Reserve as the mainstay of this country. I do not wish to be mistaken; I do not wish any one to suppose that I think the Naval Reserve should supplant her Majesty's Navy. It must be an auxiliary to the Navy; that is their position. I look forward to see the broad seas covered with British merchant-ships carrying guns and hoisting the invincible Reserve flag. And those ships will no longer want a convoy; those ships will convey one another, and every Captain and officer of those ships will have a thorough knowledge of gunnery, and no enemy will venture to approach them. If this country were threatened with war, I should look for a vast body of these men coming forward heart and hand for its safety and defence. It is true we do not make so great a show as the magnificent array of volunteers; we are not so much before the public. We are performing our drills quietly in port; but we are not unobserved, and none takes a greater interest in the Royal Naval Reserve than the highest person in the realm—no less than our beloved Queen. Constant are her inquiries as to the progress of the Naval Reserve. That, gentlemen, I am sure, of itself is sufficient to induce you to confer with your comrades when you hear of anything prejudicial, and call on them to come forward for the defence of their country, to be ready in case the day should come. We know how unsettled is the political horizon, and you should call on them to no longer hesitate, but join the Naval Reserve. I hope I shall have the pleasure of meeting you on many future occasions. I would impress on you to study the rudiments of gunnery. With your intelligence and capabilities, you would soon become masters of the art. I trust you will soon have a sufficient number of guns supplied; and before long you will require little, if anything, in the way of examination or drill.

Captain Trivett replied on behalf of the officers of the Royal Naval Reserve in a short but emphatic speech; and, after a few observations from Admiral Hall and Mr. Henry Green, who announced that Lady Paget had offered a prize for gunnery for the ensuing term, the proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the chairman.

Luncheon was provided for the guests in the Captain's cabin and at tables occupying a portion of the main deck. The band from Mr. Green's works at Blackwall performed a selection of music on the upper deck, and, as the Rear-Admiral left the vessel, the boys manned the rigging and gave him three hearty cheers. It was nearly dark before the boats had taken off all the guests and landed them at Erith pier; but every one present expressed their genuine satisfaction with the proceedings which they had assembled to witness, and with the institution which had already been so successful in training a new generation of sailors, who would have no less zeal but more knowledge than their predecessors.

GENERAL HARDEE.—During the Kentucky campaign last year General Hardee (who has succeeded General Bragg in command of the Confederate army in Georgia) was in the habit of availing himself of the privileges of his rank and years, and insisted upon kissing the wives and daughters of all the Kentuckian farmers. And although he is supposed to have converted many of the ladies to the Southern cause, yet in many instances their male relatives remained either neutral or undecided. On one occasion General Hardee had conferred the "accolade" upon a very pretty Kentuckian, to their mutual satisfaction, when, to his intense disgust, the proprietor produced two very ugly old females, saying, "Now then, General, if you kiss any one must kiss them all round," which the discomfited General was forced to do, to the great amusement of his officers, who often allude to this contretemps. Another rebuff which he received, and about which he is often chaffed by General Polk, was when an old lady told him he ought really to "leave off fighting at his age." "Indeed, madam," replied Hardee, "and how old do you take me for?" "Why about the same age as myself—seventy-five!" The chagrin of the stalwart and gallant General, at having twenty years added to his age may be imagined.—*Three Months in the Southern States.* By Lieut.-Col. Fremantle.

MUNIFICENCE OF AN ARTIST.—E. W. Cooke, Esq., A.R.A., F.R.S., the distinguished marine artist, has forwarded to the National Life-boat Institution £200, to pay the cost of a life-boat to be stationed on the coast. Mr. Cooke said in his letter:—"Having felt for many years the greatest interest and sympathy in the cause of the Royal National Life-boat Institution, and in admiration of the gallant deeds of the crews of its numerous boats established on our dangerous coasts, I am desirous to place a life-boat on some point where one is required. I beg, therefore, to forward a cheque for £200 towards the establishment of a new life-boat. I trust, ere long, that some good friend to this noble cause may be induced to assist in adding the b. a. house, with its appropriate gear, to complete the object I have in view. We shall, doubtless, readily find a crew of 'hearts of oak' who will cheerfully man the Van Hook, and who may be the means, under Divine Providence, of saving many a valuable life." We may add that Mr. Cooke had on previous occasions rendered important service to the life-boat cause by some beautiful sketches he had made of the life-boat saving a shipwrecked crew.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

A deputation from the Senate waited upon the Emperor on the 21st inst. to present the Address from that branch of the Legislature to his Majesty. The Emperor made the following reply:—

Good is the sole motive power of my actions both at home and abroad. I desire the appeasing of passions with concord and union. I direct all my wishes to the moment when the great questions which divide Governments and peoples will be pacifically solved by European arbitration. This wish was that of Napoleon, when he wrote from St. Helena, that "to fight in Europe is to make civil war." May not this great thought, a Utopia in the past, shortly become a reality? It is always an honour to proclaim a principle tending to remove the prejudices of another age. Let us unite our efforts for this noble end, and let us only study obstacles to vanquish them, and incredulity to confound it.

The Emperor's Government have issued a diplomatic circular proposing a modification of the congress scheme, to the effect that representatives of the Powers willing to attend the congress should meet in Paris to consult upon, and if possible arrange, such matters as all are agreed in deeming urgent for solution. This conference is, it is said, to take place whether England and Austria attend or not.

SPAIN.

The Spanish papers favourable to the congress are of opinion that Spain ought to demand the restoration of Gibraltar, and that the Ministry should accede to this national object.

PRUSSIA.

An address to the King has passed the Chamber of Deputies by a majority of 207 to 107 votes, urging his Majesty to abandon the Treaty of 1852 and champion the claims of the Augustenburgs in Holstein against the King of Denmark. This resolution was come to despite the remonstrances of Herr von Bismarck.

THE POLISH INSURRECTION.

Despatches from Breslau state that, in an engagement which took place between the Poles and the Russians in the government of Radom, on the 17th inst., the insurgents captured seven waggons laden with ammunition, besides a considerable number of prisoners. An attack has also been made in the government of Lublin, by a very large Russian force, upon an insurgent body. The latter appear to have been in much jeopardy, when a sudden attack made by another body of the insurgents on the Russian rear compelled the Russians to retreat with considerable loss.

The Russian Government has issued an order at Warsaw commanding all landed proprietors, farmers, and stewards of estates to leave the city within seven days, and prohibiting all persons leaving their usual residences without permission of the military commander. In view of such stringent regulations, we cannot place much reliance on the statement that comes from Hamburg, that the state of siege in Poland will be shortly abolished.

The Polish National Government have issued another proclamation, in which, setting forth once more the true objects of the insurrection, they declare that so far from being on the eve of extinction, it will be continued with renewed determination and vigour.

SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

There is no abatement of the excitement in Germany on the Schleswig-Holstein question, and it is feared the volunteers may precipitate a war by some aggressive measure. According to the *Fædrelandet*, both England and Russia are pressing Denmark to yield. The Saxon and Hanoverian troops were to enter Holstein, on the 21st, by the Altona gate. It was expected that the Prince of Augustenburg would be proclaimed by the citizens. A Hamburg telegram says that the Prince is expected shortly to enter Altona at the head of 36,000 volunteers; and, if he does so, the Austrians, it is said, have orders to drive him out. Should the Austrians adopt this course, the Saxons and Hanoverians will, it is rumoured, take up arms in favour of Prince Augustenburg.

At an assembly of the members of the Holstein Estates, held at Hamburg on the 22nd inst., it was resolved by a great majority that the Prince of Augustenburg should be recognised as Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, and the Federal Diet requested to assist the Prince in obtaining his rights.

DENMARK.

The Danish Rigsraad was closed on the 21st. The message from the King, says, in reference to the Schleswig-Holstein question:—

A desire to dismember the Danish monarchy has arisen in Germany. We hope, however, that Europe will, nevertheless, maintain our right to the hereditary succession. We have fulfilled every resolution of the Federal Diet concerning the federal provinces. German troops have occupied Holstein and Lauenburg, although the latter has recently testified its satisfaction and loyalty to Denmark.

Although we do not recognise the execution on the part of the German Confederation as justifiable, we withdraw our troops to this side of the Elbe in order to avoid a collision.

MEXICO.

Intelligence from Vera Cruz to the 21st ult. announces that the French had occupied Queretaro without opposition. Juarez had left San Luis de Potosi for Tlaxiaco. His army was scattered, demoralised, and offering no resistance.

JAPAN.

Advices from Kanagawa, Japan, to the 1st of November state that great excitement prevailed there. Another European had been murdered. An armed force from the fleet was guarding the city permanently.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S MESSAGE AND PROCLAMATION.

Mr. Lincoln's message was delivered to Congress on the 9th inst. He states that the Federal Government is in peace and friendship with all foreign Powers; that the crisis which threatened to divide the friends of the Union is past; that the rebellion is pressed within its narrowest limits; and declares his determination to adhere strictly to his emancipation policy so long as he shall remain the Executive. Mr. Lincoln does not deal in detail with the military events of the past year, but thus sums up the state of home affairs during that period:—

When Congress assembled a year ago the war had already lasted nearly twenty months, and there had been many conflicts on both land and sea, with varying results; the rebellion had been pressed back into reduced limits, yet the tone of public feeling and opinion at home and abroad was not satisfactory. With other signs, the popular elections then just past indicated uneasiness among ourselves, while, amid much that was cold and menacing, the kindest words coming from Europe were uttered in accents of pity that we were too blind to surrender a hopeless cause. Our commerce was suffering greatly by a few armed vessels built upon and furnished from foreign shores, and we were threatened with such additions from the same quarters as would sweep our trade from the sea and raise the blockade. We have failed to elicit from European Governments anything hopeful upon this subject. The preliminary emancipation proclamation issued in September was running its assigned period to the beginning of the new year. A month later the final proclamation came, including the announcement that coloured men of suitable condition would be received in the war service. The policy of emancipation and of employing black soldiers gave to the future a new aspect, about which hope and fear, and doubt contended in uncertain conflict. According to our political system, as a matter of civil administration, the Government had no lawful power to effect emancipation in any State, and for a long time it had been hoped that the rebellion could be suppressed without resorting to it as a military measure. It was all the while deemed possible that the necessity for it might come, and that, if it should, the crisis of the contest would then be presented. It came, and, as was anticipated, was followed by dark and doubtful days. Eleven months having now passed, we are permitted to take another review. The rebel borders are pressed still farther back, and, by the complete opening of the Mississippi, the country dominated by the rebellion is divided into two distinct parts, with no practical communication between them. Tennessee and Arkansas have been substantially cleared of insurgent control, and influential citizens in each, owners of slaves and advocates of slavery at the beginning of the rebellion, now declare openly for emancipation in their respective States. Of these States not included in the emancipation proclamation, Maryland and Missouri, neither of which three years ago would tolerate any restraint upon the extension of slavery into new

territories, only dispute now as to the best mode of removing it within their own limits. Of those who were slaves at the beginning of the rebellion, full 100,000 are now in the United States' military service, about one half of which number actually bear arms in the ranks, thus giving the double advantage of taking so much labour from the insurgent cause and supplying the places which otherwise must be filled with so many white men. So far as tested, it is difficult to say they are not as good soldiers as any. No servile insurrection or tendency to violence or cruelty has marked the measures of emancipation and arming the blacks. These measures have been much discussed in foreign countries, and, contemporary with such discussion, the tone of public sentiment there is much improved. At home the same measures have been fully discussed, supported, criticised, and denounced; and the annual elections following are highly encouraging to those whose official duty it is to bear the country through this great trial. Thus we have the new reckoning. The crisis which threatened to divide the friends of the Union is past.

Accompanying the message is a proclamation, in which Mr. Lincoln proffers an amnesty to all the people of the Confederate States, except the heads of the Government, the principal military and naval officers, magistrates, and all those who have been concerned in treating coloured persons captured in the Federal army other than as prisoners of war, upon the condition that they will swear to support the Constitution and the Union, all the acts of Congress, and all proclamations of the President made during the war, until such acts and proclamations may be declared void by the Supreme Court. He further proclaims that wherever the citizens of any of the seceded States not less in number than one tenth of the votes cast in such States in the Presidential election of 1860 shall re-establish a local Government, who shall have taken the oath prescribed, and not since have violated it, the State shall be reunited to the Union.

Lengthy reports from the War, Navy, and other Departments were also submitted.

Mr. Stanton reviews the military operations of the past year, and regards the situation everywhere as satisfactory, except at Charleston. He states that the delay in the exchange of prisoners is owing to the disinclination of the Federal Government to furnish the Confederates with 40,000 fresh troops in return for 13,000 Federal prisoners; that the conscription as enforced in twelve States yielded 50,000 soldiers and 10,000,000 dols., which fund is being applied to recruiting, with a fair prospect of procuring a sufficient number of volunteers to prevent the necessity of another draught. He advises the enlistment of negro troops with the same pay as the white soldiers, and, if it should be found necessary for their protection, declares that the strictest retaliation of treatment of prisoners shall be resorted to. He concludes with the hope that his next report may announce the complete overthrow of the rebellion and the restoration of peace.

Mr. Welles admits the failure of operations against Charleston, but claims credit for the efficiency of the blockade, which he states to be 3549 miles in length, by the vessels of which 1049 blockade runners of all descriptions have been captured, besides those destroyed. He adds that great numbers of vessels have been destroyed by the navy on the Western rivers. He has been cheered, he says, in the discharge of his arduous duties by the assured conviction that the Federal navy has, under his direction, achieved great and new historical renown.

Mr. Chase's report says that success quite beyond his expectations has crowned his efforts; also that the receipts in the Treasury from the sale of bonds and the internal revenue have been much greater, and the expenses of the Government much less, than the estimates.

Mr. Chase's estimates of the Government expenditure and receipts of the ensuing fiscal year show that the former will amount to 751,815,088 dols. 87c., and the latter to 206,836,539 dols. 94c., leaving a deficiency of 544,978,548 dols. 93c. to be procured through loans, which, being added to 1,686,956,641 dols. 44c., the amount he assumes the Federal debt will reach by July 1, 1864, will swell the same on the 30th of June, 1865, to 2,231,935,190 dols. 37c. Mr. Chase believes that the receipts from the internal revenue can be greatly augmented by increased taxation. He disapproves a further issue of greenbacks, and thinks any addition to the amount already in circulation would tend to depreciation, and, if continued, would find its practical limit only in the utter worthlessness of the augmented mass.

PRESIDENT DAVIS'S MESSAGE.

The Confederate Congress met at Richmond on the same day—the 7th—as the Federal one assembled at Washington, when a message from Mr. Davis was delivered, in which he reviews the course of events in the field and otherwise during the past year. He admits the importance of the loss of Vicksburg, Port Hudson, and many other points. There has been no improvement in foreign relations since last January's message. On the contrary, there is a greater divergence in the conduct of European nations, assuming a positively unfriendly character. The marked partiality of England in favour of the Federals is strongly exemplified in her decisions regarding the blockade, as well as in their marked difference of conduct on the subject of the purchase of supplies by both belligerents. This difference has been conspicuous since the commencement of the war.

President Davis says:—

There are only two measures applicable to the present condition of our foreign relations. One is to imitate the wrong under which the Confederate States suffer—namely, to retaliate by declaring a paper blockade of the Federal coasts, and capture all neutral vessels trading to Northern ports. This course I do not recommend, although it would only be following the precedents of France and England in the Berlin and Milan decrees. The other measure is not so objectionable. The Paris declaration provides that a neutral flag covers an enemy's goods, except contraband of war. The South acceded to this declaration by the treaty of August, 1861; but the consideration tendered for that concession has been withheld, and she is, therefore, not bound by the compact. As, however, the South approves the principle of the Paris declaration, she will uphold it, and hope for redress from the returning sense of justice of the great people, who will awake to the consciousness that the war in which the South is engaged ought rather to be a reason for forbearance of an advantage than the occasion for unfriendly conduct.

Mr. Davis declares a prompt and efficacious remedy for the present condition of the currency necessary to secure the full performance of the operations of Government. He recommends taxation. The currency must be promptly reduced, to prevent the present inflated prices reaching more extravagant rates. Mr. Davis recommends the abolition of the substitute system and the modification of the exemption law, so that the army may be largely increased as rapidly as possible. He regrets the suspension of the exchange of prisoners, and that communication with the trans-Mississippi districts is so greatly obstructed. He says:—"The enemy refuse proposals for the only peace possible between us. The only hope for peace now is in the vigour of our resistance. Whatever obstructions may be displayed by the enemy in his desperate sacrifices of life, money, and liberty in the hope of enslaving us, experience of mankind has too conclusively shown the superior endurance of those fighting for home, liberty, and independence to permit any doubt of the result."

WAR NEWS.

General Foster, under date of Tazewell, Tennessee, the 7th, officially informs General Halleck of the raising of the siege of Knoxville by General Longstreet. General Sherman's advanced guard of cavalry reached Knoxville on the 3rd, and on the night of the 4th General Longstreet withdrew his forces to Morristown, on the line of the East Tennessee Railway, following the course of the Holston river. On the 6th General Sherman's main body arrived at Knoxville, when his cavalry, as well as that of General Foster, were sent in pursuit of the Confederates. It was believed that General Longstreet would rejoin General Lee in Virginia.

Despatches from Chattanooga announce that General Hardee was falling back from Dalton, but do not state in what direction. The Confederates had captured fifteen wagons of a Federal forage-train near Harrison, in Tennessee, on the 4th. Southern despatches from Dalton to the 8th inst. state that the Federal cavalry had been driven a mile beyond Ringold. Some despatches assert that the Federals have been routed at Sellersville, Kentucky, with a loss of numerous prisoners; and that the Confederates have made a raid on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, near Pocahontas, capturing 400 and killing 300 Federals. The Confederate General Dick Taylor, with a force of 10,000 men, was patrolling the banks of the

Mississippi, and had caused almost an entire suspension of the commerce of that river.

There is nothing of importance from the armies on the Potomac. General Meade was busy in perfecting his winter quarters. There was a rumour that he had been superseded by the cavalry General Pleasanton, after the command had been offered to and declined by General Sedgwick and another officer; but this is contradicted. General Lee's troops had reoccupied three signal stations overlooking the country in possession of General Meade, but no positive movement against the Federals had been made by the Confederate leader. General French is reported to have been relieved of his command in the Federal army of the Potomac, and ordered under arrest for alleged misconduct in the recent movement across the Rapidan.

Advices from Charleston to the 8th inst. state that the Federals had ceased firing on Fort Sumter, and were altering their batteries, intrenching Fort Gregg to the eastward. One monitor had timber around her to protect her from torpedoes. The monitor Weehawken, lying at the entrance of Charleston Harbour, sunk suddenly at her anchorage during a gale. She went down very rapidly. Four engineers and twenty-six of her crew were drowned.

ON THE 1st PROXIMO AN ACT will take effect for the more effectual condensation of mariatic acid gas in alkali-works. The Board of Trade are to appoint inspectors, and all alkali-works are to be registered; and, for infringing the law, parties are to be liable, in the first instance, to a penalty of £50, and afterwards of £100.

EDINBURGH CASTLE.—After a protracted delay, the War Department, moved by the urgent representations of the Lord Provost and citizens of Edinburgh, and by the inconveniently-crowded state of the barrack accommodation, have obtained plans and accepted tenders for the reconstruction of the north barracks, which were dismantled some years ago to make way for some projected improvements which were not carried out. There are various other long-contemplated improvements urgently needed in the castle, which has for a good many years been left in a neglected and partially-dilapidated state.

THE NEW JUDGE.—Mr. Serjeant Shee, who has been appointed to the judgeship in the Court of Queen's Bench rendered vacant by the death of Mr. Justice Wightman, is the eldest son of the late Joseph Shee, Esq., of Thomastown, in the county of Kilkenny, but was born at Finchley, near London, in 1804. He was educated at the Roman Catholic College of St. Cuthbert, Durham, and at Edinburgh. In 1828 he was called to the Bar by the Hon. Society of Lincoln's Inn, and selected the Home Circuit, where he soon distinguished himself by his skill and eloquence as an advocate, and in due time became the leader of the circuit, which position he has held up to the present time. In 1840 he was made a Serjeant-at-Law, and in 1858 obtained the rank of Queen's Serjeant. In 1847 he sought Parliamentary honours, and offered his services to the electors of Marylebone, but was unsuccessful. In 1852 he was returned for his native county (Kilkenny), and continued to represent it until the general election in 1857, when he lost his seat, the electors returning his old colleague, Captain Greene, in conjunction with the Hon. Leopold Agar Ellis. In 1859 he again sought election, but Mr. Ellis and Captain Greene were again returned. Mr. George Moore and Mr. Serjeant Shee being the unsuccessful candidates. While holding his seat in Parliament the learned Serjeant was a constant advocate of Liberal measures and a firm supporter of Roman Catholic claims. He was married in 1836 to Mary, daughter of Sir James Gordon, premier Baronet of Scotland, but was left a widower two years since.

GREAT FIRE IN THE CITY.

ON Friday night week a fire broke out in a part of the city of London densely crowded with warehouses, which, in a few hours, destroyed property and merchandise variously estimated in the whole at £100,000 to £150,000. The property of one firm alone, which has been consumed, was insured at nearly £40,000, and that is said to be hardly equal to the loss they have sustained. Others have suffered to a greater or less extent. The fire occurred in a block of buildings used exclusively for warehousing purposes, and situated between Wood-street and Milk-street in one direction, and between Clement's-court and Feather-lane in another. The locality abuts upon what used to be the site of the old City Compter, and some of the property which perished in the conflagration is said to have been once used as a residence by Judge Jeffreys. The various places were mostly divided by thin party walls, which in modern times had been run up for purposes of business or convenience, and which would not be tolerated under the stringent building regulations of the present day. Brick walls of great thickness, which appear to have most withstood the rage of the fire and prevented it spreading, are left standing, and some of them are said to have survived the Fire of London. On the ground floor Mr. Bunting had a small office, or warehouse, and there the fire originated, according to the prevailing opinion. His warehouse, and the far more extensive one of Messrs. Morley, which was also on the ground floor, were divided by a slender partition wall, which the fire soon destroyed, and then spread in other directions. The upper part of the premises over those of Messrs. Morley was occupied by Messrs. Grant, and had an entrance from Clement's-court, which was also common to the warehouses of Mr. Bunting, Messrs. Henry, and Mr. Gibson. Smoke was discovered coming from crevices in the entrance to Mr. Bunting's warehouse shortly after ten o'clock. The door was broken in, and, though the place was found full of smoke, the inspector and the fireman at first searched it in vain for fire. While they were so engaged the heated smoke seemed to break into flame spontaneously, and the whole place was speedily in a blaze. The fire spread first into the warehouses of Messrs. Morley, and then into the premises above. By the aid of the telegraph thirteen engines, six of which were steam fire-engines, were brought to the spot. There was an abundant supply of water, and they played upon the burning mass both from Milk-street and Wood-street. The current of air in Clement's-court and Feather-lane served to fan the flame; but by about two o'clock the engines had obtained the mastery over the fire, though it was not wholly quenched until some hours afterwards. One after another the floors and parts of the burning roof fell with a noise resembling a discharge of artillery, and alarming the whole neighbourhood. A great crowd collected about the spot, and a large body of police was present to keep order. Fortunately, no lives were lost, though two women servants of Messrs. Grant had a narrow escape.

Two out of four of Messrs. Grant's warehouses, the shirt factory of Messrs. Morley, and the warehouses of Messrs. Henry, Mr. Gibson, and Mr. Bunting have been completely destroyed, with all that they contained, and several of the adjacent buildings scorched or otherwise injured. The principal sufferers appear to be Messrs. Grant and Messrs. Morley, the former of whom, directly and indirectly, gave constant employment to a large number of people, who will now for some time to come be thrown out of work.

THE FETE OF THE ESCALADE AT GENEVA.

THERE are few towns which have not some memorable occasion to celebrate—some anniversary which reminds them of their past history. In London, with a population altogether cosmopolitan, we are unaccustomed to observe any ceremonies of this kind, except the Fifth of November, which has itself degenerated to an unmeaning procession of costermongers, carrying a rude effigy of any foreign ruler who may at the time be unpopular. Our Engraving is reproduced from a sketch, taken at Geneva, of a ceremony the anniversary of which occurred a few days ago, and which is singularly grotesque in its details. The event which the Genevese townspeople celebrate by this annual fete is the attempt to storm Geneva, by the Duke of Savoy, on the 12th of December, 1602. On this day, as well as on the preceding evening, each year, the streets, especially those of the lower town, are paraded by crowds of children and young people dressed in the most extraordinary and bizarre costumes. Bands of masquers, composed of young men, also form processions in the principal streets in an unbecomingly carnival fashion, roaring the famous song composed in memory of the ineffectual attempt made against their city by the "Lord of Brunaillieu," which was rendered abortive by the courage of the inhabitants. In addition to the popular mode of rejoicing on this occasion, the day of the Escalade is likewise chosen for fashionable receptions and social festivities, at which a duck is the favourite dish. This bird is associated, indeed, with the event which the people meet to celebrate, for while the followers of the Duke were still in the trenches a flight of these birds suddenly rose into the air and alarmed the besiegers, who believed that they must have awakened the sentinels of the city.

The republic of Geneva originated in the municipal government of the town, to which Charlemagne granted certain privileges and franchises, subordinate, however, to the Bishop, who was styled Prince of Geneva, and was an immediate feudatory of the empire. Frequent dissensions occurred between the citizens and the Bishop on one side, and the Counts of Genevois, "Comites Gabenenses," or "Genevois," a feudal dynasty which grew out of the wreck of the old kingdom of Burgundy, and which ruled the adjoining province of Savoy, which is still called Genevois, or Geneveve, and of which Annecy is the capital. These Counts claimed jurisdiction over the town of Geneva. The line of the Counts of

Genevois becoming extinct in the fourteenth century, their inheritance was recheated by the house of Savoy, who obtained the investiture of it from the Emperor Sigismund in 1422; and thence were derived the claims of the Dukes of Savoy over Geneva—claims, however, never completely enforced. At the Reformation the Bishop quitted Geneva and retired to Annecy, and from that epoch the town governed itself as an independent municipality, and formed an alliance with the Swiss cantons of Bern and Freyburg, and afterwards Zurich. The Dukes of Savoy, after several fruitless attempts to reduce Geneva by force or surprise—the last of which occurred on the occasion now celebrated by the festival represented in our Engraving—acknowledged its independence by the Treaty of St. Julien, in 1603.

A MOORISH MARRIAGE.

WE have already engraved pictures of some of the phases of Moorish life both amongst the people in the cities and in those wild tribes who inhabit the sea-coast and the desert. Our illustration this week represents a marriage in one of these half-lawless communities, which, however, retain many of the most ancient Moorish customs.

Marriages amongst the Moors, as with most other Mussulmans, are contracted through third parties and gossip, the young people never meeting till the wedding-day. The gossip—a female—is bribed by a young man to go and examine his ideal mistress, whom he knows only by report. She goes, and, her mission being guessed at, is probably bribed again by the parents if the intended suitor is of good position and the match would be likely to prove advantageous.

When negotiations have closed satisfactorily, and the wedding-day arrives, the bride (who is probably not more than ten years old, and will be a mother before she is eleven) is bathed, painted, and decked out in her best attire. She is marched through the streets, accompanied by lanterns, and all the women have a grand feast at the bridegroom's house. The men, poor fellows, sup together apart, the wretched bridegroom eating alone that he may not take too much and misbehave himself. At midnight, when the mosques open, the newly-wedded pair are left alone, all the guests retiring.

DUTCH DOGGERS AND THE HERRING FISHERY.

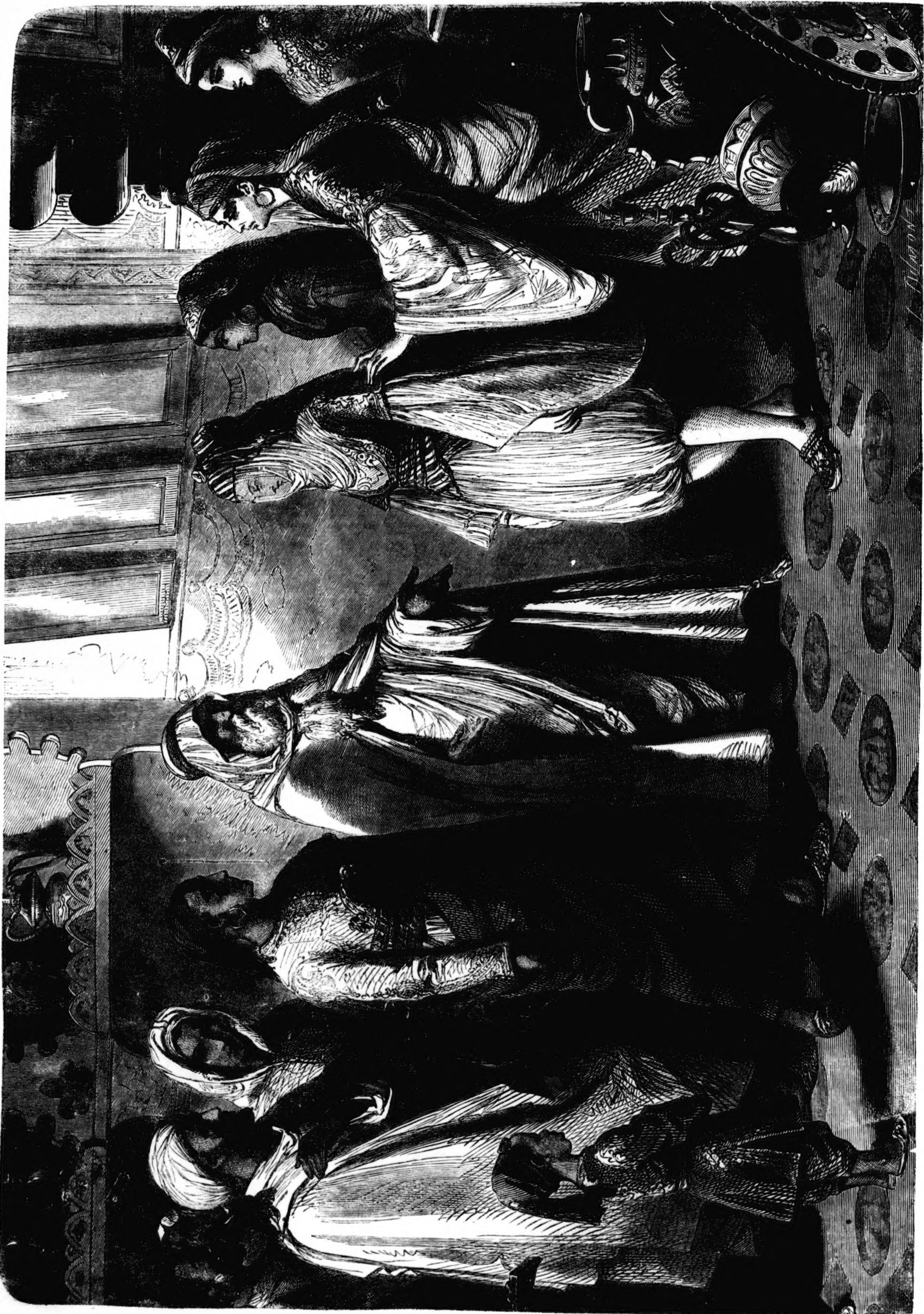
It is a great day in Vlaardingen when the first dogger arrives with the "king's," or first fish, of the season. Men, with sharp eyes and good glases, have been on the top of the church-tower for days past watching for her coming; for they can see from that church-tower beyond the bar of the Maas, at Brill, far away into the North Sea; and eagerly do they look for the broad, white, square mainsail, topsail, and dandy mizen of their well-known craft, for it is at Vlaardingen that doggers "most do congregate." At last patience is rewarded, and the long-looked-for "buis" is seen bowling along on the flood-tide with a fair wind. There is another town a little higher up the river, on the same side as Vlaardingen—a town of many windmills, but more remarkable for its numerous chimneys, all tall, black, and smoking. Schiedam is the name of that town, and none love its native produce better than the good folk of Vlaardingen. The watchers on the tower have signalled to the crowd of shipmasters, fish merchants, and idlers below that the "haring-buis" has crossed the bar; and Myrheer Mugezeijter, the landlord of the Schipper's Huis, can scarcely supply his customers fast enough, for they all wish to drink a glass of his best hollands to a successful herring season.

A motley crowd it is, too, that congregates round the Schipper's Huis—old and young, landmen and sailors, burghmasters and dogger-masters, who have become worn out; leather-skinned old vrows, bent double; and pretty Dutch maidens, with short petticoats and neat, picturesque caps, of snowy whiteness—not linen towers, like those the Flemish women wear, but low, round, and plaited at the back and front, showing off the great gold plates and earrings the Dutch girls take such delight in wearing; and there are some curious old men there, too, in petticoat trousers, cocked hats, grey stockings, and shoes with great buckles. We have drunk no end of Schiedam with these old sea dogs, who belong to a past age, and have listened with great delight to their long yarns told in good English, which they learned in the British Navy; for they sailed and fought with the great Lord Nelson, and love to talk about him. Every year, on the anniversary of the birth of her Majesty Queen Victoria, they dine at the British Consulate, receive their pension, and drink our good Queen's health in a bumper of "polder dew." But the entrance to the port is some distance from the town quay, the church, and the Schipper's Huis, and all are off to see the haring-buis arrive. And a fine ship she is, too, a first-class dogger, as brave and as grand as an old sea king's yacht. When abreast of the port, her mainsheet is hauled off, her helm put down, and five minutes afterwards she is in the port of Vlaardingen. The crowd on the shore shout to those in the ship, those in the ship shout back again to those on shore, guns are fired, flags are flying overhead, the little port is full of bustle and delight, and the herring season has commenced.

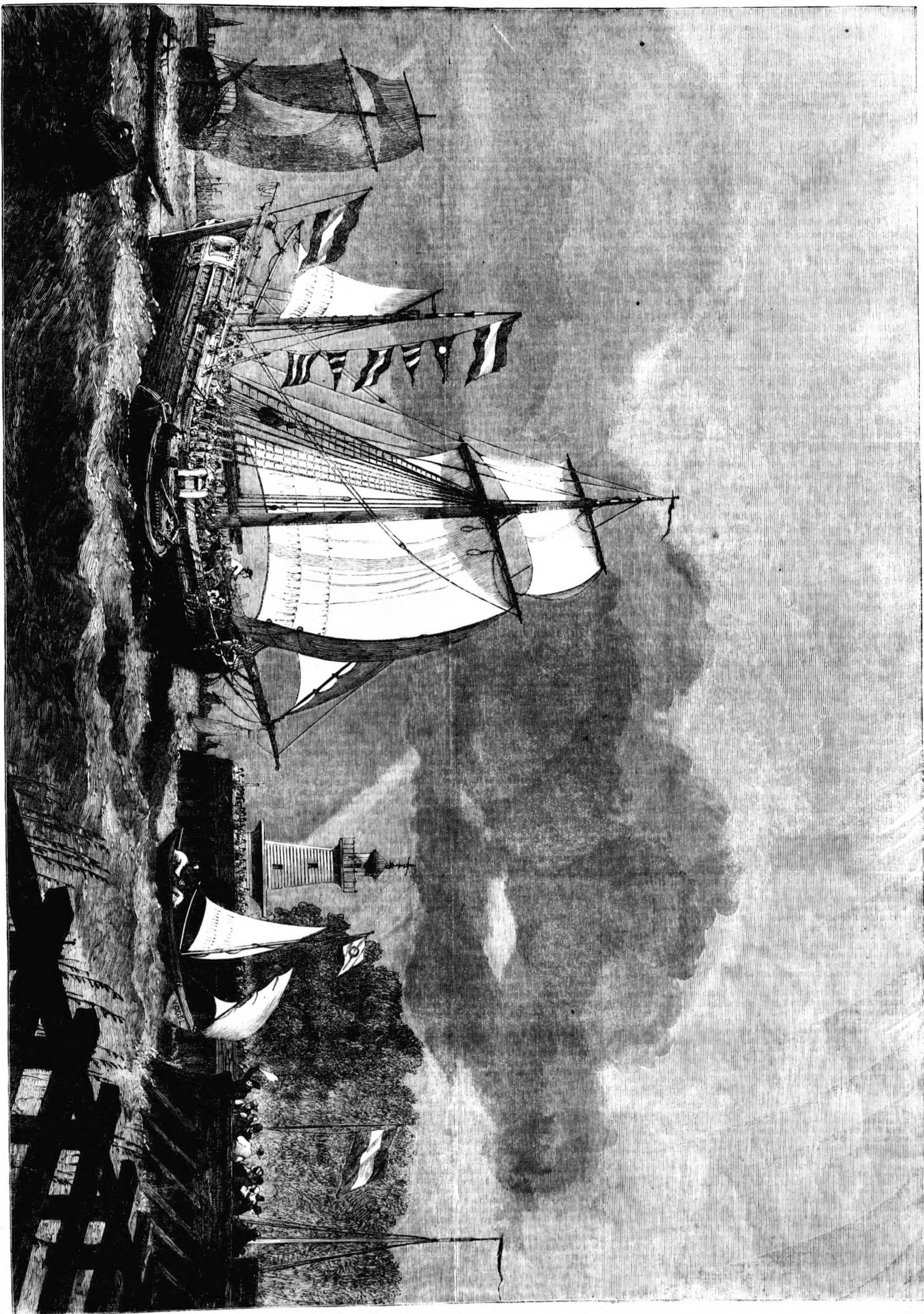
Painters and writers call all sorts of vessels doggers. They think that anything that is clumsy and ill-looking, and which they do not know the name of, must be a Dutch dogger; but they are much mistaken if they think there is anything to despise about a dogger. We consider her one of the most respectable, useful, and seaworthy ships that sail the salt sea. She may not travel so fast as some modern craft, but if we go to sea in her we can depend upon her bringing us back again unharmed; and, for comfort at sea in bad weather, commend us to the short, "beamy," high-sterned, strongly-built dogger, before any craft that swims. There is an antique cut about her that we like, for one is reminded immediately on seeing her of the ships in old engravings which pretend to show how the French invaded England, or how the English invaded France; and we have no doubt but that it was in such vessels that the armies of those two countries did cross the Channel and the North Sea; yet the dogger-like vessels of Froissart were in no way to be compared with the real Dutch dogger, for the former could only sail before the wind, while the great merit of the latter is its ability to keep the sea by "laying to," when necessary, and sailing "close hauled."

The dogger is, without doubt, the most interesting craft that sails the seas of Northern Europe, for she is the original type of all those splendid specimens of naval architecture that constituted the military and commercial navies of the world until the application of steam power was added to the ordinary means of propulsion by sails. It was in vessels like the dogger that the Scandinavian sea kings traversed the seas of Northern Europe, and the hardy sons of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden navigated the Channel, the Bay of Biscay, and even extended their incursions into countries lying on the shores of the Mediterranean. Naval architecture grew up under the fostering care of the Venetians until it resulted in the production of those fine, fast vessels, the galleys, which were ships of great size, speed, and power. It was with them that the Venetians carried out all their enterprises either of a warlike or commercial character. St. Mark's Palace and the galleries of Venice are full of pictures representing the celebrated sea-fights of her people; but in no instance is there any appearance of any thing like a square-rigged ship of any kind; the vessels introduced are always galleys, and invariably carry lateen sails. We come, therefore, to the conclusion that the first square-rigged vessels ever seen in the Mediterranean Sea that could sail on a wind were manned by Scandinavian crews, and were wonderfully like the modern doggers.

The herring season in Holland is a much more important matter than it is in England, for herrings are more largely consumed by the Dutch people, not as dried herrings, but simply salted, and they are always eaten direct from the brine, in a wet state, and without any cooking whatever. These Dutch-cured herrings are not at all liked in England: a few are imported, but more as a speciality than as an ordinary article of trade. In Holland all classes eat them, from the highest to the lowest. These herrings are cured in a superior manner, the fish being all gutted or cleaned immediately they are taken from the sea; the brine in which they lie is consequently quite clean and white. The Dutch herring-vessels are larger than ours and carry many more hands, to enable them to clean and pack the fish on board; in English luggers this could not be done.



BETROTHAL OF A YOUNG RIFFIAN GIRL TO HER FUTURE HUSBAND.



THE HERRING FISHERY.—ARRIVAL OF THE "KING'S" ON FIRST FISH OF THE SEASON AT VLAANDINGEN.—DRAWN BY G. H. ANDREWS.—SEE PAGE 403.

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NOTICE TO CONTINENTAL RESIDENTS.—Mr. Ludwig Denicke, Leipzig, has been appointed our special agent, whose terms of Subscription at Leipzig are 4 Thaler 20 Groschen per year; 2 Thaler 10 Groschen per half-year, including all Double Numbers.

ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1863.

CHRISTMAS CHARITY.

It might be a curious study to trace the recurrent geniality which Britons are wont to associate with Christmas-tide to far earlier periods of the world's history than that suggested by the present title of the season. It might be found that the classic ages only continued a long-established custom of sinking feuds, distributing alms, and encouraging home diversions at the time of mid-winter. Nor would it be difficult, in imagining the pristine ages alike among patriarchal and savage tribes, to conceive that, when nights were longest, when vegetation was covered by the snow-drift, and life out of doors was most insupportable, the earliest progenitors of nations were forced to cultivate within the hut or cavern that social intercourse of which the chief bond is mutual wellwishing and concession.

The festival which our rude ancestors of the wood and plain were content to hold as a matter partly of habit, partly of necessity, partly, it may be, even of superstition, receives in our own day a double sanction of reason and religion. We honour Christmas, not only because it is a hallowed time, but because we find its observance to be a most healthy as well as pleasant custom. It is good at least once a year, even the misanthrope will admit, to open one's heart to sympathy and association with one's fellow-men. Christmas presents itself as the most appropriate season for the display of kindness and good-fellowship, because it is then that social intercourse becomes most desirable, and when the good offices of the wealthy are most needed by the poor. He must indeed be hardened in worldly ways, and insensible to the most urgent promptings of humanity, who at this season of all others can remain proof against the thousand claims to benevolence which are to be met with on every hand. Even our workhouses and gaols extend to their miserable inmates some slight token of grateful acknowledgment of the birthday of Christian charity.

It can scarcely be necessary, therefore, for us to dwell upon the simple primary duty of almsgiving. But the word charity—*caritas*, dearness, kindness—embraces a far more generous signification. It comprises, to use holy language, "peace on earth and goodwill to all men." Christmas, rightly regarded, is the great jubilee when all injuries should be forgiven and animosities forgotten. Strange though it may seem, the bitterest of enmities, and yet the pettiest, are usually those which arise among members of the same families. It is to such—whose unhappy differences, prolonged during months, or it may be even years, of mutual distrust, have resulted in estrangement—that we would specially commend the present genial hearty season as one in which opportunity converts concession and conciliation from a virtue into a duty.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

HER MAJESTY AND THE ROYAL FAMILY have proceeded to Osborne, and will there spend the Christmas holidays.

THE PRINCE OF WALES is erecting a private theatre at Sandringham, where plays are to be acted after Christmas, by "none but noble actors."

THE KING OF THE BELGIANS entered his 73rd year on Wednesday week. THE REMAINS OF THE LATE KING OF DENMARK were interred on the 18th inst.

THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH has insured her life in French and English offices to the extent of £200,000.

THE REV. JAMES PALEY, Vicar of Lacock, Wilts, the third and only surviving son of the late Archbishop Paley, has just died, at Burton Grange, York.

EXTENSIVE INCENDIARY FIRES continue to take place in Yorkshire.

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, it is reported, has resigned, or is about to resign, on account of ill health.

THE ANGLO-AUSTRALIAN RIFLE-MATCH has resulted as follows:—Nottingham Robin Hoods, 1155; Australians, 1149.

THE VENETIAN SECRET COMMITTEE have issued an order warning all their supporters to be ready for action in March.

TWO ECLIPSES OF THE SUN will take place next year—the first on the 5th of May and the second on the 30th of October.

VESUVIUS HAS BECOME COVERED WITH SNOW, and now presents the appearance of a sugar-loaf. It is a vast cone, quite white from the summit to the base.

PRUSSIA has given notice to quit the Zollverein, in order to secure liberty of action with regard to the pending negotiations on the general subject of the customs and fiscal arrangements.

SIR ROBERT PEEL has contributed £50 for the erection of a church in a village near Tralee, where he lately saw, on a cold and wet Sunday, the priest celebrating mass in an open shed, and the people kneeling in the miry road and with the rain falling upon their bare heads.

THE EXECUTION OF GEORGE V. TOWNLEY, for the murder of Miss Godwin, is fixed to take place at Derby on the 31st inst. Baron Martin is reported to have recommended that an inquiry into the prisoner's present state of mind should be made.

THE GRAMMERE EMIGRANT SHIP, bound from the Clyde to Southland, New Zealand, has been driven on shore near the entrance to Belfast Lough. The passengers, 125 in number, together with the crew, were landed in safety.

THE SWISS EMBASSY is about to quit Japan, having informed the Federal Council that it is impossible to enter into diplomatic relations with the Government at Jeddo.

THE MUNIFICENT BEQUEST of the late Mr. Drummond, amounting to £20,000, to found a school at Dublin for the education of children, the orphan daughters of soldiers, has been securely established for the object intended by the testator.

SAMUEL PORTER, of Flushing, near Falmouth, has been bound over in heavy fetters to take his trial for ill-treatment and neglect of his imbecile brother.

A NUMBER OF ENGLISH GENTLEMEN living in Paris have lately organised a football club, to which is to be added athletic indoor exercises of a gymnastic character. The football contests take place in the Bois de Boulogne, by permission of the authorities, and surprise the French amazingly.

THE SWEDISH SEMI-OFFICIAL JOURNALS declare that Sweden cannot and will not abandon Denmark in her hour of danger.

THE GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEES at the dockyard, Sheerness, who volunteered to fit out and equip the *Rappahannock* as a war-ship for the Confederates, have been discharged for violating the neutrality laws of the country.

WILLIAM STEPHENSON, a tall, shabby-genteel looking man, said to be an author, from Newcastle, went to the National Gallery, and poked a hole in Turner's "Regulus going to Rome." He was taken before a magistrate, and committed for trial. His plea was that he was excited at the time.

AN OFFER has been made to connect the whole of the West India Islands by telegraph with the mainland at Cayenne, in French Guiana, and at Key West, near Florida, if a guarantee of six per cent on the outlay can be obtained. The cost is estimated at £300,000.

KING, HEENAN, and their seconds and assistants, have been summoned at the instance of the local authorities for causing a breach of the peace in engaging in the late prize fight.

THE INFAMOUS BRIGAND LEADER CARUSO has at last been captured and shot. This man, perhaps the last representative of the Bourbonian brigand leaders, had made himself distinguished beyond any of his class (Chiavone, Nincio-Nanco, and the rest) for bloodthirsty ferocity.

IN TWO DAYS' SHOOTING IN THE PRESERVES OF EARL DUDLEY, at Witley-court, Worcestershire, exactly 2000 head of game were destroyed. The sportsmen were the Duc d'Aumale, Earl Dudley, Earl Tankerville, Sir J. S. Pakington, M.P., Mr. F. Vernon, M.P., Mr. Dowdeswell, Mr. Cookes, and Mr. R. Hemming.

THE ADMIRALTY has dispatched Captain Goodenough, R.N., to America, to report on the artillery used in the contest now going on. He is accredited to our Minister at Washington. By the leave of the United States' Government, he will visit the arsenals of the North, and then will proceed to Charleston.

A WEDDING DINNER and a ball recently took place at Wiesbaden. The bride was dancing, when she suddenly became ill, and expired a few hours later. The bridegroom died two days afterwards in great agony. It is supposed that they must have eaten some poisonous food, as several of the guests were indisposed.

HENRY CRAVEN GRIFFITHS, who was convicted at the last Spring Circuit held at Glasgow for the theft of a quantity of silver plate and other articles from a house in Greenock, and was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment in Perth Penitentiary, has, by the decease of a near relative, fallen heir to a fortune of £48,000.

A farmer on the Illinois prairies, to transfer his products to the seaboard, has to pay 80 per cent of its value on wheat, 50 per cent on pork, 20 per cent on beef, and 4 per cent on wool. It takes one bushel of wheat to send another to market, six bushels of corn to carry one to New York, while one pound of wool will send forty to the same market.

The *Liverpool Daily Post* says:—"We consider ourselves in a position to state that Lord Lyons, in a despatch to Earl Russell, from Washington, announces that the war in America will be terminated within the next three months. The Confederates, being in the greatest extremities, will have speedily to propose an armistice. In our informant we have the fullest possible confidence. Possibly Mr. Lincoln's proclamation has reference to the facts on which Lord Lyons grounded his conclusion."

THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND was returning home in her brougham from Dr. Cumming's chapel on Sunday, when the horse took fright. It dashed along several streets at a terrific pace, and, one after the other, the footman and coachman were thrown from their seats and seriously hurt. The door of the carriage was also dashed to pieces. Finally, the animal was stopped opposite to the War Office, in Pall-mall. The Duchess had remained quietly seated, and thus escaped injury.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

[A LETTER having appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* from Mr. Edmund Yates, wherein he assumes the authorship of the article published weekly in the ILLUSTRATED TIMES under the present heading, and intimates that he has relinquished his connection with this Paper, it becomes necessary to state, that for upwards of four years past Mr. Yates has only written a portion of the article in question; while for the last few months it has frequently happened that not a single paragraph has proceeded from his pen.—ED. ILLUSTRATED TIMES.]

It has been rumoured and denied that Mr. Coningham will retire from Brighton. I don't believe that he will retire; nothing but ill health to such an extent as to make it impossible for him to perform his duties to his constituents would force him to give up an honour which he so highly prizes; and I believe that his retirement would be a matter of regret far beyond the circle of his private friends. Mr. Coningham is hasty, impulsive, and at times imprudent, as all hasty, impulsive men are; but he is unquestionably honest, generous, thoroughly independent, and is generally on the right side of a question. Indeed, all Mr. Coningham's instincts are for justice—against the oppressor and on the side of the oppressed—and he is as courageous as he is honest. Nothing daunts him; he fears no frown, he courts no favour, but rushes into the mêlée to rescue the oppressed as a brave sailor in the most tempestuous weather dashes overboard to save the life of a sinking shipmate. Now, men of this honest, generous, fearless character are too rare in the house not to be highly prized; and, impulsive though he may be, and even at times unwise and uncontrollable, I am sure I am right when I say that a large party in the house and out of it would regard Mr. Coningham's retirement as a public loss.

But if Mr. Coningham should retire, the candidates for his seat, I understand, will be Mr. Moor and Mr. Francis Kuper Dumas. Mr. Moor is a Conservative. He contested the seat with Mr. White and Mr. Goldsmid. Mr. White polled 1655 votes; Mr. Moor, 1239; and Mr. Goldsmid, 477. The two Liberals therefore polled together 2132 votes, against the Conservative's 1239, giving a majority of 891 votes to the Liberals. This result seems to show that Conservatism has very little chance of a representative at Brighton. Mr. Francis Kuper Dumas is a member of the Reform Club, from which fact, however, we cannot determine the exact species or variety of politician in which to class Mr. Dumas, for the Reform is a very extensive and comprehensive club; it takes in all species and variety of Reformer, from the Liberal Conservative to the extreme Radical. Indeed, when the Derby Government was in, the Carlton and the Reform were so nearly allied on one side that a cabman ordered to set down at the Reform had to ask, "Which, Sir, the one with the brown pillars or the other?" But, though I know nothing special of Mr. Dumas's politics, I have learned something about Mr. Dumas, which, as he seems to be bent upon getting into Parliament, your readers may like to know. The name of "Kuper" is redolent of the sea, and Mr. Dumas has nautical proclivities; for he is a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and has won prizes. If, therefore, he be not a genuine "salt," there is certainly a saline flavour about him. He is also connected with the mercantile marine as the head of a well-known City house. Moreover, Mr. Dumas is a true farmer's friend, if that be a recommendation to the Brightelmstonians, for he was the first to introduce into this country, in large quantities, one of those mineral phosphate manures which, under the teaching of Liebig and other scientific soil-doctors, have so revolutionised farming in these latter days. Mr. Dumas is, it is said, opening miles of these miraculous fertilisers in Spain, and, upon the principle that he who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before is a benefactor to mankind, Mr. Dumas is unquestionably a benefactor. Mr. Dumas is young, I hear; but he is all the better for that; we want new blood, for, in truth, we seem to be getting into the position of a farmer who, failing to import new blood, has ruined his flock. A batch of fine, healthy, fresh young men, with heads on their shoulders, would prove a great blessing to us. "You are right, there," said my political gossip, after reading these sheets and smoking his cigar the while. "Coningham is a Rad, and I don't generally like Rads; but we owe him something for stirring up the ashes of the Mhow business, which the Horse Guards and the War Office were carefully damping down. He was rather too hurried and impetuous; but if he had not stirred up the ashes, and blown the smoke well into the eyes of the Government, I think it very likely that the affair would have been quietly smothered. And you are right about young blood; for what's to be done when our old stock dies off, I can't for the life of me see." "Well, we got some new blood into the Government last year." "You mean Stansfeld? True, that was a good importation. I understand he's working like a slave down at the dockyards to get a new system launched that's to do

wonders. I hardly know what it is. Some better regulation about paying for labour, under which every man is to get what he earns and no more, I hear. By-the-by, it's whispered that he is to take the lead in the house next Session on Admiralty matters, vice Clarence Paget, who is to lie by and rest. He's a hard-working and clever fellow, is young Stansfeld; and, if the Admiralty will but give him play, he'll do a vast deal of good. I wish they had another like him at the War Office, for that's the Egean stable." "Augean, Augean, not Egean," I shouted. "Augean, is it? Ah, to be sure; I mean the stable that Hercules cleaned out. Well, never mind, it was only a *lapsus lingue*; you can't expect an old fellow who's been away from school forty-four years to remember these classical words. But I was saying that's the place that wants cleaning out. I doubt whether they've balanced the Crimean accounts yet. Indeed, I have heard that no mortal, not Cocker himself, could balance them. "They are all vast swells there, are they not?" "Immense! It's a study to stand in Pall-mall and watch them as they go to business. I suspect that's where Leech goes for his model swells."

"Well now, enough of the War Office swells," said I; "I have a serious charge against you." "A serious charge? What is it?" "Why, you told me that you saw Colonel Sykes at the Scotch dinner in his usual evening costume—the strangest mixture of colours that you ever saw! This announcement the gallant Colonel has seen, and thus writes thereon to the Editor of the *Aberdeen Free Press*:—"As I have unhappily been in mourning for many months past, and consequently without any contrast of colour at all in my apparel, the writer evidently does not know Colonel Sykes from another person." What do you say to that, Mr. Blogg? "I fear you caught a glimpse of the gallant Colonel after dinner, when your visual organs were naturally somewhat dimmed." "Egad! did I say that? Then I blundered confoundedly; for I remember now that the Colonel was in black. But it was not the wine, my friend; it was those confounded screeching bagpipes, which made my head whizz round like a spinning-top. However, no harm is done. There is nothing offensive in mistaking a man's dress."

If there is to be no Whig candidate for Buckinghamshire, the Conservative Mr. Harvey will certainly be returned; for Dr. Lee, the Radical, will stand no chance against the united Conservative interest of the county. A Whig candidate—some member of the Cavendish family, for instance—might have a chance; but the return of an out-and-out Radical like the venerable Doctor is out of the question. Dr. Lee is well known and highly respected in Bucks. He lives at Hartwell, where he has, or used to have, a famous observatory, a printed account of which I remember to have seen years ago. It was a respectable quarto, and in it there was a print of the worthy Doctor looking through a large telescope. I believe that Dr. Lee is rather a notable man in the scientific world; but he is "an awful Radical," believes in the ballot and universal suffrage—in short, adopts every article of the Radical formula. He is, moreover, I think, a teetotaler; for I have a distant recollection that he used to have teetotal festivals in his park. The Doctor must be an exceedingly old man now, nearer eighty than seventy, I should say. He has often contested Buckinghamshire, but he never came within sight of the winning-post. His greatest success was achieved in 1835, when he polled 1865 votes; but on that occasion he was 814 below the lowest winner, and 1738 below the highest.

Mr. John Pope Hennessy has had an interview with his Imperial Majesty of France, and has dined with Prince Napoleon and his wife, who is the daughter of the King of Italy, whom Mr. Pope Hennessy has called some very ugly names. What does this strange planetary conjunction in the political hemisphere portend, and what is to come of it? One can imagine that possibly it may mean something like this:—"Your Majesty," said, or might have said, some goldstick in waiting, "A Mr. Pope Hennessy wishes to see your Majesty." "Pope Hennessy! Oh! ah! Let him be admitted." And then came the interview; but what these two talked about I will not presume even to guess, but I will venture to say that Mr. Pope Hennessy got nothing out of the Emperor. Nor do I think that the member for King's County will "report progress," after the manner of Roebuck and Lyndsay. The dinner, I suspect, was managed after this fashion:—"Prince Nap.: 'Hennessy is in Paris, my dear. We must invite him to dinner.' Princess: 'Hennessy! Why, he is one of papa's worst enemies!' Prince: 'The more needful that we should see him under the shade of our mahogany tree, and that you should exercise all your powers, my love, to fascinate him.' But the outcome? Well, nothing. The Emperor will not go to war with Russia to please Mr. Hennessy, nor will Prince Napoleon's wife's father give up his idea that Rome is the natural capital of the kingdom of Italy. Possibly Mr. Hennessy's tone may be a trifle modified when he comes to speak of King Emmanuel again, for that mahogany tree has a wondrous fascinating power."

Mr. Thackeray's house has been burglariously entered and robbed. Even the thief has his moments of humour; and it is probable that some burglar of literary tastes, learning, in his coffee-house studies, that the *Cornhill Magazine* had exposed the secrets of his craft, resolved to make Mr. Thackeray himself an example to all incautious editors.

There was great consternation at the clubs when it was announced that the attendants at the late prize fight were to be prosecuted for having incited the combatants to a breach of the peace. At length the world learned who were to be the defendants. Messrs. King and Heenan, together with their seconds, have been summoned before a rural bench of "beaks," and, to their dismay, find themselves amenable to the law as administered at Wadsworth, being bound over to appear at the next sessions to answer any indictment that may be preferred. I do not think there will be any, simply because there is nobody to do it and run the risk of the expenses. But why are the poor pugilists selected as defendants? The real abettors and inciters are certainly those who subscribed the £2000 for which these two men fought and the correspondents of the journals who attended to record the doings at the fight. If the "beaks" had only discovered the actual culprits, and caused them to be served with summonses, what would have been the terror of the "noble swells" and of the "graphic" reporters upon the press! Fancy the talented representatives of the daily journals each sentenced to a fortnight's hard labour, in common with half the "swells" about town, at some dreary country treadmill, with the concomitants of cropped hair, shaven "mugs," and gruel!

KING OTHO'S LETTERS.—The following decree has been voted by the National Assembly of Greece:—"The letters of the late King and all papers and writings in general, which by the decision of the Assembly of the 13th of April had been sequestrated, shall be delivered into the hands of the King of the Greeks, the Assembly feeling persuaded that such of those documents as concern the public service, affairs, and interest of the State, and, generally, the interior, will be preserved at the palace, and form part of the Royal archives."

MELANCHOLY BOAT ACCIDENT.—A melancholy boat accident has occurred near Lytham, by which seven young persons lost their lives. The family of Mr. Sugars, a Manchester merchant, consisting of two grown-up sons and three daughters, with two friends, a brother and sister of the name of Wilson, proceeded up the Ribble in a boat to Preston. On their return, and while apparently near home, the boat seems to have capsized, and all seven were drowned. The body of only one of the young ladies has yet been found.

A COMPOUND RAILWAY ACCIDENT.—On Thursday night week, as a goods-train, from London to Scotland, reached Corby, near Grantham, part of it ran off the line, and, the goods falling over, blocked up both rails. Before the accident could be communicated to the nearest station, a coal-train came up at full speed, and dashed into the goods-train, causing a still further obstruction. A pilot-engine was put on, and the traffic resumed; but, by some accident, another coal-train came up at the greatest speed and dashed into the pilot-engine with terrific force, smashing it to atoms. The coal-waggons were also destroyed.

A CHRISTMAS SUMMER.—In Yorkshire the mildness of the season is unusual. The gardens, many of them, retain the scarlet geraniums and stocks of summer yet in bloom, and roses still keep their foliage. Gooseberries are in leaf partly, and about Scagglethorpe, in full south positions, have actually flowered; and rhubarb is pushing in the open ground. Altogether there have not been more than twelve hours of slight frost. In the fields the wheat crops are remarkably forward—"proud," as the farmers say, and the breadth of wheat sown, thanks to the open weather, is very large. Turnips have hardly ceased growing yet; the season, indeed, is more like Michaelmas than Christmas.

Literature.

BOOKS FOR THE SEASON.

How I Won my Spurs; or, a Boy's Adventures in the Barons' Wars. By J. G. EDGAR. Illustrated. S. O. Beeton.
Wise Sayings of the Great and Good. Whittaker and Co.
The Arabian Nights' Entertainment. Arranged for Youthful Readers. By the Hon. Mrs. SUGDEN. Illustrated. Whittaker and Co.
London People Sketched from Life. By CHARLES BENNETT. Smith, Elder, and Co.
The Moors and the Fens. By F. G. TRAFFORD. New Edition. Illustrated. Smith, Elder, and Co.
Hymns in Prose, for Children. By Mrs. BARBAULD. Illustrated. John Murray.
The Boy's Own Volume of Fact, Fiction, History, and Adventure. Christmas, 1863. Illustrated. S. O. Beeton.
Peter Parley's Annual for 1864. W. Kent and Co.
The True Pathetic History of Poor Match. By HOLME LEE. Four Illustrations. Smith, Elder, and Co.

The kindly season continues to blossom books, all gay and golden, and teeming with pictures not always remarkable for taste or originality. Publishers should be content to spend their money on really good specimens of art, and upon such drawings as may be roughly executed but are still valuable because they do really illustrate the text. They must be very weak-minded people who care for the representation of nothing more, say, than a pair of elderly gentlemen talking that which the next page accurately describes. The invariable decanter and dish of biscuits between them only aggravate the offence. However, the present collection of literature errs but little in this way, and the literature is of a good kind; and amongst it will be found something suitable for every age.

Mr. Edgar's "How I Won my Spurs," is of the kind anciently described as combining the fascination of romance with the integrity of history. But, whilst the history of the Barons' Wars is given with praiseworthy minuteness and fidelity, the work reads much like fiction, owing to the conversational and dramatic character of the author's plan. The reader will read a novel of moving accidents by flood and field, accompanied by much love-making and youthful chivalry which cannot fail to be admired; and all the time, insensibly, will be acquired a correct and picturesque idea of the state of England in the days of Henry III. and Edward I., a period which has hitherto remarkably escaped the hands of the "professed novel-wright." All the story, or plot proper—which, by-the-way, is not much—shall not be told here. A few words alone shall indicate its nature. The hero, Ralph Merley, arrived in England an infant and an orphan. His father, a great knight, and not over-attached to the King, although bearing some slight claim to Royal blood, has married mysteriously abroad, and, with his wife, perishes at sea. Ralph is brought up by his relatives, and early displays a capacity for getting into scrapes. His private tutor nearly kills him, and at Oxford Ralph assists to kill somebody else; and then, a home quarrel occurring, he bestrides his horse and goes forth to seek his fortune. Before long he is rescued from an encounter with wolves by some old friends, with whom he soon meets the famous Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, who is just about levying war against the King. Ralph is staunchly loyal, beards the Baron himself, and is soon involved in the fights which ensue. Through being twice able to save the life or reputation of a young lady high at Court, he gains great favour and the honours of knighthood at the hands of the Prince. For the love matters the reader must turn to the book. Mr. Edgar's style will be greatly admired. It gives an excellent idea of the stalwart old fighters, chivalrous young gallants, and courteous dames, "much as they might have been supposed to speak." A more charming book for youth could not be found—a book which will teach courtesy and dignity, friendship, manliness, and truth.

Books of selections "from the best authors" seem to find purchasers in all seasons. For the new collection, called "Wise sayings of the Great and Good," all necessary to be said is that the selections seem to be made with a sensible eye—that they are arranged in subjects alphabetically headed—"Love," for instance—and that they are beautifully printed in clear type, and are evidently intended to be read, and not bought for the sake of illustrations, the book being without them.

A new edition of "The Arabian Nights," in a good, compact, readable form, will be a welcome gift. In one way this is the edition for young people; for the Hon. Mrs. Sugden has boldly expunged many unpleasantnesses belonging to the text, which would be found scarcely honourable in youthful language. Some full-page wood engravings, after the manner of Mr. Harvey, do at least no harm to the volume.

"London People" have too often been the subject of pen and pencil to hope for much novelty, even from so acute and fanciful an artist as Mr. C. Bennett. Moreover, the present volume comes with the fame of the *Cornhill Magazine* upon it, which seems to detract somewhat from originality. Accompanied by letterpress, various specimens of society are cleverly grouped together—an excursion-train furnishing one subject, a court of law another, and so forth, for six chapters. The sketches are humorous and all drawn from life, if that be any satisfaction to the present everyday-tosser-over of books. Mr. Bennett's odds and ends, or chapter and tail pieces, are full of his grotesque power.

Mr. Trafford's powerful but gloomy novel, "The Moors and the Fens," has gone into a new edition. Here are pictures in which the people are never less than 10 ft. high, the heads out of proportion, and the colour generally intended to convey an unpleasant effect.

"The Boy's Own Volume" is the most portly affair of the kind, and the best filled, that the season has witnessed. But it is to be regretted that it follows as volume ii. to volume i. of last year—neither being complete in itself. Thus, the volume before us actually commences page i with the continuation of Mr. Edgar's "Cressy and Poitiers," which runs through the volume at intervals, as also do two other works of fiction. For such subjects as Mr. Howgrave's papers on "Chemistry," or Sir Lascelles Wrexall's experiences "Up in the Alps," to be so treated is of but little importance; but the interest of a story can scarcely be expected to wait a whole year. The volume is filled up with a large series of miscellaneous chapters, which will be found very useful as well as interesting to boys; and Mr. Beeton is to be praised for his illustrations. The large page woodcuts are always well executed, while the great majority of the less pretentious cuts do illustrate the text, and are sometimes necessary to it.

One of the handsomest gift-books of the season is the new illustrated edition of Mrs. Barbauld's "Hymns in Prose, for Children." Artist, engraver, printer, and stationer seem to have gone hand in hand to do their best in favour of this dainty little book. The size is small quarto, and every page has the greater part in picture, whilst a little delicate typography runs about, and blends playfully. The drawings are beautiful designs of children, flowers, and scenery, and always executed with a felicitous care which could have resulted from none but high-class hands. The book is so beautiful throughout that it should be given to every child in the land, with a strict injunction not to read it, for fear of finger-marks.

The character of "Peter Parley's Annual" is so well known that the mere mention of its name will suffice. The present volume looks precisely like its predecessors—very gay, and full of tales and pictures, in no way too pretentious.

Holme Lee's "Poor Match," a story for rather young readers, describes the life of a pet dog amongst a nice family, who alternate between town and country. The scenes of adventure are many, and always well told; and it may be taken for certain that there is very much good teaching unobtrusively hanging around the fortunes of the dog and his friends. There is, besides, a vein of good feeling and humour running through which has before now lent a charm to Holme Lee's writings for the young. Juveniles will do well to profit by such literature as this; but, for the pictures, parents would do well to teach art by pointing out the absurdity of

the gentleman on the seashore, who is fully as tall as the first shadow cast by the sun in the morning. The other drawings are pretty enough.

A Welcome to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. From the POET LAUREATE. Owen Jones, Illuminator. Day and Son, Lithographers to the Queen.

We beg to announce to Messrs. Day and Son, Lithographers to the Queen, that the scope of reviewing has, after all, its limits. Review this book? Review a bouquet of flowers! We might, however, write an essay on chromo-lithography, and, generally, upon the menace which the mechanical arts dealing with form and colour hold out to the skilled hand. Where is this to end? Photography on steel, lithography in colours, a calculating-machine that corrects errors as it goes along, a phonographic drum that takes down words as spoken, and what next?

While these wonderments are waiting for solution we can amuse ourselves with what is really accomplished, and daintily turn over the leaves of this, the most luxurious and most finished book of the season. Leaves solid and white like porcelain, and all the flowers of the invocation in Lycidas, called up from their "valleys low," to be laid upon the table of the Royal bride who stands upon the threshold of motherhood! for this book consists of Mr. Tennyson's "Welcome to Alexandra," illuminated for her by Mr. Owen Jones—which looks as if it were some months too late. But it is not really so. By a happy inspiration, the artists have here refreshed, for the Lady's eye, the overblown lilies of the bride-bower, that she may look back upon them as she passes into the "cloud diaphanous," from which she is to emerge with another flower held up in her hand before the world. The total result is indescribably beautiful. The volume—if we must call such a bit of chromatic and golden splendour by that name—is, above all things, we should say, a gift for a lady—a gift from a lover or a friend who has taste in his head and a generous pocket in his pants.

Original Acrostics. By a Circle of Friends. Bell and Daldy.

How good and how pleasant it is when brethren club together in impunity to amuse themselves, without ulterior views! It is unlike the precious nonsense which breaks Prician's head and touches the very skirts of indecency, when people get up fun for money or for vanity. The usual rule applies here as elsewhere. These acrostics, thrown off by friends in private with genuine intent, are a thousand times more ingenious and more pregnant than the ordinary manufactured article. Their range, too, is enormous; all the cyclopedias are splintered into riddles, and then shaken up with the advertisements in the *Times*, to produce this capital collection. And last, not least, the whole thing is as sweet as lavender white sheets and as wholesome as farmhouse bread.

We are assured in the preface that these acrostics (which are all double) have been "actually guessed." We should like some of our readers to get the book and try their hands at 97, in which

I left my traces on a wall

is one of the lines. This is vague. The answer is *Pul*; but we opine there are not many people who would have gone as far as Assyria for somebody who "left traces on a wall." Yet, such is the fortitude of the author that, though *Pul* suggests *Por*, as *Doe* suggests *Roe*, he actually says nothing—as a narrow-minded, we mean an arrow-headed, person would have done—about the enormous por-pulation of Nineveh! For our parts, we found the book so stimulating that we immediately threw off an acrostical conundrum about A-wry-'un and Doll-fin; and it was not done on porpoise—we couldn't help it! Now, since one measure of the merit of a book is its exciting power, we leave our readers to draw the right inference about these "Original Acrostics."

The Adventures of Alfian; or, the Magic Amulet. By JOHN HOLME BURROW, B.A., Author of "Tales for Sundays and Weekdays." With Eight Illustrations, by I. D. Watson.

"The Adventures of Alfian" is a very good book, and we cordially recommend it as a tale for intelligent boys. It is all about riding on ponies; and being doomed to be burnt, and escaping; and being made king, and being threatened with great dangers, and taking refuge in a cave; and oh, ye boys, hear this—there's a ground-plan of the cave, to explain all the ins and outs of this part of the story.

Great praise is due to Mr. Burrow, not only for invention, but for dexterity of treatment, and for a concentrated straightforwardness of manner which tides him over rocks of difficulty on which scores of writers of such books run aground. It is hard work to write a good book for the young, and Mr. Burrow has done his hard work well.

The publishers have done their work well in one respect—namely, they have issued the tale in a strong, solid, readable, not over-dainty shape. Mr. Watson knows how to make pictures for boys; but the best of the woodcuts to "Alfian"—"The Prodigal's Return"—is spoiled by the manner in which the lad's sword is hung. His right side is towards you, his sword being, of course, on the left; but, unluckily, the curved end of the long sheath hangs down in the shade behind, so as to represent, pretty successfully, a tail. The effect is unpleasant in the extreme.

We must, however, repeat that, so far as we have yet seen, "Alfian" is the book for boys this Christmas; and we invite readers of these columns to put our recommendation to the test.

TWO FAIRYLAND AND FUNNYLAND BOOKS.

The Book of Blockheads. By CHARLES BENNETT, Author of "Little Breeches," &c. Sampson Low, Son, and Co.
Mr. Wind and Madam Rain. By PAUL DE MUSSET. Translated, with permission of the Author, by EMILY MAKEPEACE. With Illustrations by CHARLES BENNETT. Sampson Low, Son, and Co.

If Mr. Bennett's books do not receive early, comprehensive, and intelligent notices, let him be warned that he alone is to blame. Reviewers, in general, are past the age which can, with impunity, look at the Universe through its own legs; and, if he will force them to make the effort, he must take the consequences.

Our first attempt to review the "Book of Blockheads" was followed by severe indisposition. We, however, sent the book up stairs into the nursery, with strict injunctions that it should be administered in cautious, small doses. These injunctions—given in a feeble voice, owing to our indisposition—were, as it appears, disobeyed, for we were immediately roused from our apathy by hearing something rolling very heavily down stairs, with so much noise that the neighbours at 10 and 11 (ours is 9) sent in to ask what it was. It proved, on examination, to be a peal, volley, shout, shriek, or scream of laughter proceeding from the whole of our large small family—we believe thirteen or fourteen when we last looked—with a peculiar character in it, owing to the fact that the whole thirteen (or whatever the number is) had been excited, by the first glance at the book, to stand on their heads, and, in that attitude, take semersaults over each other. Ill as we were, we managed to crawl up stairs, and demanded, "What is the cause of this?" With one voice our offspring made answer, "Bennett's Absurdity." This reply restored us to health, and we are now pretty convalescent. That we are not yet quite well is due to a lingering doubt concerning Bennett's Absurdity—a moral doubt. The Blockheads, one and all, tried for their dinner, from the "Archer that shot at a frog," down to "Zephaniah the Zany, and they called him a Fool"—tried, each in his own legitimate line, for his dinner, and didn't get it. "How am I to get my dinner?" says everybody, having unsuccessfully striven lawfully in his vocation for it. And at last the secret is told—"Go and fetch it!" And the Blockheads Go; and their hunger is appeased.

Now here arises our strictly ethical scruple. If a man—say, Ben the butcher, or Joel the joiner—cannot get his dinner by exercising his proper industrial function, and yet gets and fetches it, what is he but a prig who "takes what isn't his'n," and who, "ven he's catch'd 'll go to prison"? This solemn question, regarding, as it, alas! did, our complete recovery, we proposed to our eighteen children (wasn't it eighteen, in buckram?), and promised to the one that solved the difficulty a whole coconut, with the loan of a

hammer to break it. The difficulty was soon cleared up, and the coconut fairly won; but we regret to have to add that a pane of glass was broken by it, dung about as it was somewhat recklessly by our exuberant boys.

The result is, that we recommend Mr. Bennett's "Book of Blockheads" as one of the best bits of nursery nonsense that ever came under our eyes. As for the portraits of the twenty-six inhabitants of the town of Block, they have so fixed themselves in our brain that we never go out without expecting to meet one or other of them. We may just whisper that Charley the Captain is evidently a likeness, for the original of which the New York press—but no, we will leave the mystery undisclosed for the present. Buy the book, we say, and find out for yourselves.

"Mr. Wind and Madam Rain" is quite another affair, as different as apple-sauce from goose, or sherry from roast beef. It is a very choice book, a book of quasi-poetic fantasy, which, even without the pictures, would make a permanent impression upon the mind. But with them! Who that has seen them will forget Mr. Bennett's cuts? "The Defeat of the Cornish Rebels;" "The First Kiss;" "Peter and the Viper," and, ah! those absurdly human marionettes! The fact is, this is a book which old people will relish as much as young ones. It is more of a book for girls than the Blockhead story; but both are books to please everybody.

NEW MUSIC.

The St. James's Album. (Boosey and Sons.) No more welcome Christmas presents to a young lady could be found than this remarkably handsome annual. In the first place, its mere exterior is tasteful and elegant in the extreme, and we know how much more highly a gift-book is prized by the fair sex when it can be converted into an ornament to the drawing-room table. Nor can ladies be blamed for this fashionable predilection, as, apart from the encouragement they thus give to what it is the fashion to describe as "art manufactures," a handsomely got-up book induces one to open its pages as surely as a handsome face tempts the admirer to seek converse with its happy possessor. The "St. James's Album" is full of lovely faces that serve as attractive indexes to the music which they illustrate so well. Without counting the number of plates, or attempting any description of them, we may say that they consist, for the most part of fancy portraits of various beauties, blonde and brunette, designed with rare taste and coloured with real artistic skill. Nothing could better illustrate the immense progress that has been made during the last few years in the art of printing in colours than these unpretending but charming designs. We find here none of those staring positive colours, stuck on like the pigments from a child's paint-box, which used so perilously to impair our admiration for the earliest specimens of this recently-perfected art. Here the tints are as delicately apportioned and as harmoniously blended as though they had been applied with the practised hand of a finished artist. The plates form, for the most part, a gallery of ideal beauties; but they also comprise a few specimens of landscape and genre. There is, for instance, a clever illustration to Mr. Frank Musgrave's "Ghost's Galop," and also a remarkably pretty view, placed opposite the "Snow-wreath Polka," of a village church seen through a light mist of snow and encircled by a garland of red holly. But the "St. James's Album" is not a mere show-book; for in its well-stored pages may be found, as well as attractive illustrations,

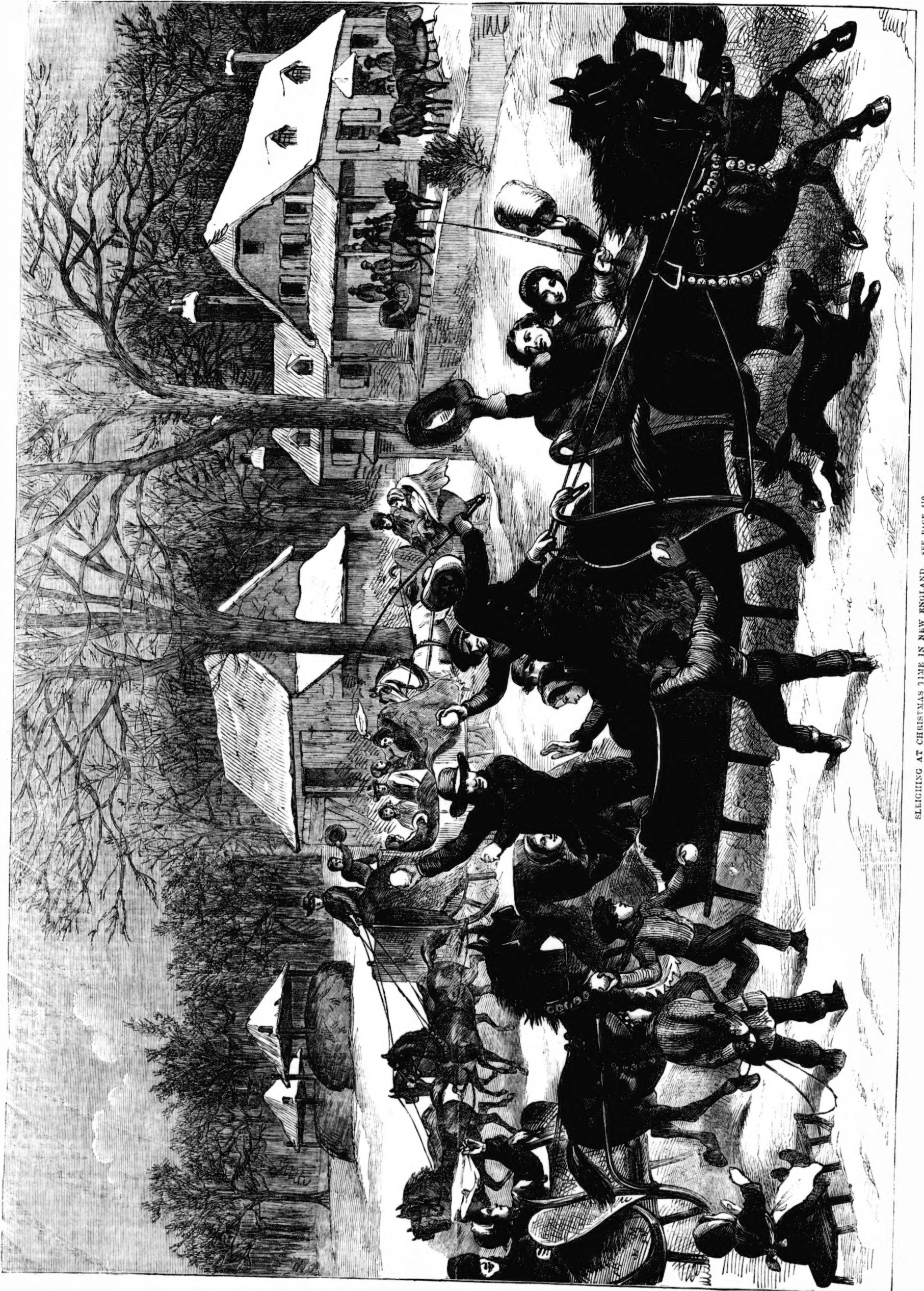
Sounds and sweet airs
That give delight and hurt not.

For the most part, indeed, these are decidedly harmless; it will not hurt the executant to play or sing them, nor will the listener find them difficult to understand. The ballads, for instance, are one and all within the compass of every voice; they are so easy that they can be sung at sight, and yet fluent and attractive enough to please at first hearing. The first piece in the book is also one of the very best. It is a song, entitled "One joy alone," the words being by Mr. Wellington Guernsey, and the melody by Mr. Henry Smart, who in this, as in every piece to which he appends his name, asserts the thorough musician-like qualities for which he is distinguished. The song is so admirably harmonized that this peculiarity alone raises it above the level of ordinary ballads. "Priez pour elle" is the title and refrain of a long romance, somewhat in the style of "The Standard-bearer," verified from a legend in Mr. Whyte Melville's "Good for Nothing." It has been very effectively set by Claribel for a contralto or baritone voice, and, being both easy and tuneful, will be acceptable to many a guest at many a Christmas party. The latter observation will also apply to Mr. J. P. Knight's "I'd give the world to know," Mr. Linley's "A Nocturnal Dream," while just as much within the capability of ordinary singers, is still more elegant and graceful. A second contribution by Claribel, "Out at Sea," affords opportunity for expressive declamation, while in a song, the words of which have been written by Mr. Linley, "Over mount, over lea," Mr. Balfe exhibits that faculty for inditing fluent melodies which has rarely failed to stand him in good stead. But we have said enough in favour of this handsome book; so, with a word of praise for Mr. Wymer's song, "A restless wave," in spite of its being reminiscent of both Balfe and Wallace; for Mme. Cury's admirable fantasia on themes from Flotow's "Stradella;" for Mr. Brinley Richards's arrangement of the canon for two voices, "Hark! 'tis the breeze," from Mr. Schachner's oratorio (not acknowledged, by-the-by); and for Mr. Musgrave's "Ghost's Galop" we commend the "St. James's Album" to our readers.

Boosey's Musical Cabinet, Nos. 77-81. (Boosey and Sons.) No. 81, the last-published part of this valuable collection of music, is well-timed, consisting of a selection of new dance-music for Christmas. It includes ten pieces of dance-music, so selected as to suit the taste and capacity of every player. There could scarcely be a greater contrast in dance-music than between such waltzes as Strauss's "Gute Alte Zeiten" and "Wiener Kinder," and such polkas as that by Mr. Alfred Mellon which bears the famous name of "Patti." And yet both will have many admirers. Nos. 77 and 78 will be equally useful at this season, No. 77 consisting of fourteen ballads by popular composers, including the late Prince Consort, Mr. Balfe, Mr. Howard Glover, the anonymous Claribel, &c.; while No. 78 comprises transcriptions of 100 national melodies. Nos. 79 and 80 are adapted for more advanced pianoforte players, the one consisting of drawing-room pieces by various composers, and the other of twelve of Stephen Heller's charming and poetical compositions.

Songs of the Sea (Valse), by J. P. Clarke: *Cherry Ripe Galop*, by J. Cassidy: *The Ghost Valse*, by W. H. Montgomery: *La Fascination Galop de Salon*, par Croshaw Johnson: *Harvest Home Quadrille*, by O. Cooke: *The Brighton Waltz*, by E. L. Glascock. (Metzler and Co.) The above dance music will be acceptable to the multitude of young ladies who constantly find it necessary or expedient to enlarge their repertoire, but the pieces do not give any opportunity for detailed criticism. Mr. Montgomery's "Ghost Valse" is a decidedly clever and spirited composition; and the melodies in Mr. B. Allen's cantata are turned to effective account in the Harvest Home Quadrilles. "La Fascination Galop" has quite as much right to be considered a drawing-room piece as a mere dance, and it may, therefore, be coupled with a clever transcription (also published by Metzler and Co.), of "The Blue Bells of Scotland," by Miss L. E. Hawley.

The Royal Boudoir Quadrille, by Charles Cooke: *The Royal Greek March*, by Stephen Glover. (R. Oocks and Co.) The pretty frontispiece of this piece of music illustrates the boudoir which was temporarily erected in Windsor Castle for the Princess of Wales, and curiosity will alone tempt many to try a quadrille so effectively commended. Mr. Richards's song, "God bless the Prince of Wales," the popularity of which has been almost unprecedented, is introduced, and the melodies for each figure have been chiefly imported, by way of intended compliment to the Royal bridegroom, from the Principality. Mr. Cooke's long practice in this form of composition is a sufficient guarantee that his music is (to employ a useful expression of doubtful correctness) thoroughly "danceable." Mr. Stephen Glover's "Royal Greek March" is also a spirited composition, but it would, we fancy, be more effective as a galop than as a march.



SLEIGHING AT CHRISTMAS TIME IN NEW ENGLAND. SEE PAGE 410.

THE CHRISTMAS DOLL.

THERE has lately arisen a pestilent heresy with regard to Christmas, which is likely to do more harm than the "Essays and Reviews" and Bishop Colenso's book put together. Under its influence a number of people—young men, for the most part—who should long ago have learned better, go about to decry the festivities of the season as a bore; declare, even while they are indulging in roast turkey and strong ale, that there is now nothing hearty and genial in the re-unions maintained only from custom

which it would be deemed irreverent to forego, and that the time must come when such make-believe jollity will cease to be observed altogether. These heretics, professing to speak from their own experience, look with supreme contempt upon Christmas games and pastimes, vote blind-man's-buff a nuisance, are cynically facetious upon the subject of forfeits, affect a doleful disdain of mincepies and snapdragon, and pretend to be utterly unacquainted with the mysteries of "Old Soldier," "Dumb Crambo," "Family Coach"—ay, and even of "Pope Joan."

If it be not—to quote the language of the man who has done more than any other man living to combat this error—"a good time: a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of in the long calendar of the year when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys;" if it be not this, at least in intention, then its festivities are indeed a sham, and all its time-honoured customs are decayed already—



GRANDMAMMA'S PET.

dead, profitless forms, with nothing in them of the Christmas spirit.

What will be to blame for such a result but the cynical indifference which has developed this anti-Christmas heresy, whose followers regard the great national holiday only as a questionably pleasant time for children. To be so immorally wise, or so sedately vicious as never to lose self-consciousness, is to have lost the power of being childlike; and if these scoffers have lost the wish as well as the power, God help them! for they have neither found the kingdom of heaven nor attained to true manhood. It is precisely

because Christmas is such a time for children—its very institution being connected with the infancy of the manhood taken into God—that it has been kept so faithfully and with such loving remembrances by English men and women all over the world.

Those to whom Christmastide brings their childhood back, in whom the trustful and generous spirit has not been stifled by the harder and less holy influences of worldly experience, know how good a time it is; and he who has so learned to regard it may bow his grey head and remember thankfully how from a little child placed

in their midst cavillers were once rebuked and taught the wisdom of faith and love.

Should the reader wonder what this has to do with the Christmas doll, we can give him no more information than will be discovered in the picture. That wrinkled brow, over which the grey hair is so smoothly parted, has never bent in scorn of Christmas or its carolled blessings. Sitting there by the window where the light glistens upon the bright leaves of the holly which typify her green old age, she has been reading of those shepherds who, on a certain eve, heard the angels sing above the plains of Bethlehem. It is

scarcely an interruption to this theme that she should hear the voice of her own little angel as she bursts into the room to find in that heart which age has never chilled—sympathy with her new found joys. On this day, of all times in the year, the child is a heavenly messenger coming to stir the pool of deep affections—loving memories—earnest thanksgiving. It is not too much to say that there are mysteries in the love of the grandame that even the mother cannot guess.

Well, and to come to the point, there are mysteries in dolls. Their relationships to their owners are so subtle and undiscoverable, that to all thoughtful people they are no more mere "playthings" than babies are automatic toys.

How is it that boys so seldom regard dolls with any but the most transient interest? Why will this little creature learn to dress and fondle her wooden puppet—to sit crooning low, soft prattle in its blank face as she nurses it at the hearth?

Why will she—the first flush of pleasure being over—neglect this new radiant beauty in favour of that battered stump wrapped round with tatters, which is the sole remaining remnant of a former "dolly;" or (equally difficult to determine) cherish this the more closely, when its finery shall have grown dim and its fresh, pink features have become faded and begrimed? Without seeking to establish any relationship between them, there need be no irreverence in connecting this wonderful phase of childish feeling with a higher thought. So the maternal heart often seems to yearn most towards the weak, the helpless, the debased, or broken child; so that Divine love, of which maternal affection is a chosen type, goes forth to meet the bruised and starving prodigal, or, with anxious care, seeks the wandering sheep to bear it back again in the Everlasting arms.

T. A.

SLEIGHING FROLIC IN NEW ENGLAND.

THE rigorous winters which so sorely tested the powers of endurance of the early Puritan settlers have lost much of their terrors for their descendants, the present thriving inhabitants of the Eastern and Northern States of America. One of the favourite "institutions" of New England is the "sleighing frolic," which forms a prominent feature among the Christmas festivities. Every farmer has one or more sleighs, and his stable generally boasts two or three good horses.

Rendezvous having been given at some conveniently-central farmhouse, at a given hour the vehicles begin to arrive, musical with jingling bells and the merry laughter of their occupants, who, warmly wrapped in buffalo-ropes and bearskins, their feet kept warm by heated bricks or stones placed on the floor of the sleigh, defy the rigours of a temperature which often ranges about zero.

The well-to-do farmer's son, who is proprietor of a fast-trotting nag and a gaily-painted "pung" (a light sleigh for two persons, drawn by one horse), invites the "girl of his choice" to be his companion. Doubtless, many a timid, wavering suitor has been moved to ask the important question which is to decide his fate through the influence of a sleigh ride under these inspiring auspices.

The preparations for the start form an enlivening scene. Here are to be seen the ponderous four-in-hand sleigh, looking like a great triumphal car; the commodious family vehicle, with its two steady-going, serviceable farm horses; the humbler box-sleigh, with a merry group of farm girls and boys, seated on fresh straw on the floor of the vehicle, and snugly wrapped in blankets and furs; the dashing, spider-like "fancy" sleigh, with its well-groomed, high-spirited trotter. The horses excited by the jingling of hundreds of bells, the shouted directions, the jokes passed, and the merry peals of laughter, all combine to make the scene a veritable wintry carnival, not easily to be forgotten by any who have partaken of its merriment.

On the departure of the procession from its place of rendezvous and along its route it is not unfrequently subjected to a furious onslaught from the boys of the neighbourhood, who lie in wait for it, armed with snowballs.

These excursions rarely conclude without at least one "upset," often the result of design on the part of the driver; for the kindly snow receives the victims gently in its embrace, and no serious disaster ever occurs. These "upsets" occur generally in a "drift," where the wind has blown the snow into a heap, into which, by dexterous management, the inmates of the sleigh are unceremoniously tumbled.

After making a circuit of, perhaps, twenty or thirty miles, the party returns to the place of rendezvous, where the horses find temporary accommodation in the roomy barns and stables, whilst the jolly farmers and their rosy-cheeked companions adjourn to the farmhouse. Here a repast awaits them, which, in its abundance and solidity, shows that in respect of powers of appetite the Yankee of the present day has not degenerated from his sturdy Anglo-Saxon forefathers.

The meal dispatched, the tables are removed, the fiddlers called in, and the festivities wind up with games and dancing. The hanging of the mistletoe is not one of their customs, partly because the plant itself is unknown there; but Yankee ingenuity has devised games in which the time-honoured privileges belonging to that potent plant are the fair guerdon of success.

The fun is kept up frequently into the "small hours" within doors; and, as the full moon is usually chosen for such frolics, the tired guests return to their respective homes by the aid of her light, rendered doubly bright by the reflection of the snow.

THE CRAWLEY COURT-MARTIAL.—On the reassembling of the Court, last week, Colonel Crawley read his defence. It was lengthy, and dealt unsparingly with the witnesses who had been called to prove the charges against him. He complained that the charges were too limited in their character. If they had been more comprehensive they would, he said, have brought out his entire justification. He found the regiment in a state bordering on mutiny, and took prompt measures to restore subordination. He denied that these measures were cruel, or that they were by his orders carried out with undue severity. He asked the Court to discredit the statements of Lieutenant Fitzsimon, and severely criticised the conduct of that officer. Finally, he contended that on every ground he was entitled to a complete acquittal. He then called several witnesses to character. Sir Alfred Horsford, the prosecutor, next replied. He defended the witnesses from the charge of perjury which Colonel Crawley had insinuated rather than charged against them. He contended that the arrest, as carried out by Colonel Crawley, was not only cruel but illegal; for Paymaster Smales had a right to communicate with his witnesses, which he could not do in the case of Sergeant-Major Lillity; and, by the articles of war, no prisoner ought to be subjected to military confinement for more than eight days without being brought to trial. The release of the Sergeant-Major ought to have been carried out by Colonel Crawley was responsible. The court was then closed, and the members proceeded to consider their finding, which is, that Colonel Crawley is honourably acquitted of the charges brought against him. A subscription has been set on foot amongst Colonel Crawley's brother officers to defray the expenses to which he has been put by the court-martial, and the Earl of Cardigan has headed the list with the sum of £100.

RUNAWAY BEER.—In March, 1862, General Banks advanced upon Winchester in two columns—one by way of Martinsburg and the other by way of Harper's Ferry and Berryville. In the latter column Brigadier-General Abercrombie commanded the first brigade, and Cottrill's Battery was with him. Abercrombie was very strict, not allowing his men to forage or to burn rails to cook with, but compelling them to burn green timber. The next morning after we camped near Berryville he rode around through the different camps to ascertain who had burned rails. When he rode through our battery the Captain was in his tent. Approaching it, he discovered the quarters of a fine young beef that the men had "foraged" the night previous lying against a tree. The old General's brow contracted as he demanded of Sergeant-Leander E. Davis, "Where the d— did you get that beef? I gave the commissary no orders to issue fresh beef here." Davis, who was a very polite soldier, removed his cap and saluted the General, and said, in a tone evincing perfect coolness and sincerity, "General, I was Sergeant of the guard last night, and about ten o'clock I heard a terrible commotion in the camp of the 12th Massachusetts (Colonel Webster's regiment) across the road. I rushed out to see what was going on, and just as I passed the Captain's tent I saw a fine steer coming through the camp of the 12th Massachusetts, with about a hundred men after it. The animal appeared very much frightened, General, and as true as you live it jumped clear across the road (about two rods), and as both stone fences, and as I noticed in this lot it struck its head against this tree, and, being so terribly scared, its head, hide, and legs kept right on running, while the quarters dropped down here, where they have remained ever since. It is very fine, tender beef, General, and I have just come here for the purpose of cutting off and sending you a fine slice to roast for dinner. Will you be so obliging as to accept it?"—"Editor's Drawer," in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*.

OUR FEUILLETON.

SOME FAVOURITE CHRISTMAS CHARACTERS.

NO. I.—COLUMBINE.

THE young ladies who play Columbine are of all sorts of shade, size, pattern, and complexion. They are generally pretty—that is, pretty off the stage—for on the other side of the footlights they are the lovely realisations of an opium dream—all lightsome, airy, gauzy, filmy, floating, vaporous, breezy, undulating animation and fascination. Our first attachment, we confess it, was to a Columbine. Some Christmases ago, when, at the immature age of ten, we were taken to the pantomime, we beheld a radiant creature with shining, yellow, spun-silk hair, and blue china eyes. She wore white, slashed with silver, with here and there a dot or dab of scarlet ribbon. She danced, she turned, she pirouetted, she smiled. Never shall we forget that night. What—when she was off the stage—was the comic business to us? We sat, our chin upon our hand, intently watching the wing at which she had disappeared. She tripped on, wielding the bat intrusted to her by her confiding, happy, and accepted Harlequin, and we held our breath. She struck a pose, bending the golden bat to form an aureole, or personal rainbow, round her lovely head. At the same time a coarse and commonplace transaction was being conducted in the front of the stage between the vulgar-minded clown and a low pisan. Out on such ribaldry! The Harlequin comes on and twirls her off. He spoke to her; she answered him and smiled, not with the same smile she gave the audience, but with the familiar glance of—what? Not love? Yes, love! Perdition seize the Harlequin! and may Clown catch him and hurt him seriously as he rams him down that enormous cannon! At last the fatal green curtain, inexorable as death, cut her from our gaze; and we remember that as we went home we fought our younger brother in the cab.

But those days are past. The shining hair, glittering eyes, and glancing legs of Columbine enthrall us no longer; and our younger brother, inches higher in stature than ourselves, is, from prudential as well as fraternal motives, the last man in the world we should offer to attack.

Not that Columbine is not a very fascinating person in all the relations of life—in her loose wrapper in a morning at the breakfast-table, where her pale face looks too languid to belong to her lithe, graceful figure—in her smart street clothes, as, bonneted, parasolled, and crinolined, she claps down her halfpenny at the tollgate of Waterloo Bridge (Columbines generally affect the Surrey side)—in her jaunty practising clothes, which always remind us of what soldiers call fatigue-jackets—as she stands at the wings and throws her feet up, to the apparent danger of the eyes of passing carpenters—and in the spangled splendour in which we first made her acquaintance.

Those Columbines whose parents are or have been theatrical dancers may be called Columbines from the cradle, nursed among tricks and traps, and familiar from babyhood with stage fairyland, its short skirts, satin shoes, pink bodices (bodies), they are called in the dressing-room, and conventional gestures. Their career is as certain as is an Admiral's son of promotion in the Navy, or a Judge's nephew of becoming a revising barrister.

Her début is, of course, as a Fairy, and the most unpractised eye can in a moment detect the difference between the Fairy born and those mechanical and commonplace-looking children on whom fairydom has been conferred by a stage-manager. "Ask whatever boon thou cravest," said King Charles to a lout. "I'll make thee Earl, or Knight, or Baron." "Make me," said the lout, "a gentleman!" "That passeth my power," said the King. So a stage-manager may call fairies from the neighbouring streets, and they may come highly soaped and with enormous bonnets; but where are the easy grace, the flowing gesture, and the speaking eye of the true descendant of the agile race of Harlequin?

Sometimes a family will compose an entire pantomimic troupe in itself. Augustus, aged twenty-three, will be Harlequin; Augustus, senior, the father, Clown; Ambrosius, aged twenty-one, the Pantaloon; and Clotilda, nineteen, Columbine. If there be a Hildebrand and an Isabinda, they will be pressed into the service as Harlequina and Columbinette, attendants on Columbine; and the mother will dress her daughters, and explain to rising coryphæes what a great man her husband is.

The Fairy born has singularly exceptional experiences of life. She is carried from the nursery to the theatre, and soon becomes worldly—that is, in the stage sense of the word, worldly—which, compared with the outer world worldliness, is simplicity itself. Wigs, spangles, and clocked stockings are sights familiar to her infant eyes as pap and spoon. She never believes, with the good people in the pit, that Harlequin is really in love with his graceful wife; that the attentions he pays her on the stage are but expressions of his daylight feelings. She knows that they dislike each other; that they quarrel about the "trips," as they call the dancing duets that open each scene of the harlequinade; that they sneer at each other's Terpsichorean achievements, notwithstanding that their looks and attitudes proclaim so strong a mutual affection. The infant Fairy thinks the stage-manager the greatest man in the world except the ballet-master; and she wonders that the actors and actresses can waste so much of their time upon that stupid talking, when they could dance if they liked. She marvels not that the gas should light; she fears not theatrical thunder, roll it ever so imposingly. She considers it the nature of prompters to be cross, and of treasurers to stop nights' salaries on every available opportunity. Benefits and ticket-nights are to her as the phases of the moon to the astronomer; and she reckons little of Kings and Queens, knowing with the great Carlyle, in "Sartor Resartus," that it is the robe that makes the Monarch.

How singular a childhood! to rise in the morning and dance; to dine and dance, and to lie down to sleep to rise to dance again; to be taught to speak with the eyes and fingers, not with the tongue; and to throw all her animation, accomplishments, thought, mind, and feeling into her toes.

All this of the young ladies expressly born, bred, and reared, like Norfolk turkeys for Christmas revels; but there are other Columbines to whom the footlights are more difficult of access, and the following is a true story of a Columbine by compulsion of circumstance:—

In one of the principal streets upon the Surrey side lived a hosier, of the name of Tewson. He was a small and thriving tradesman, enjoying a moderately good repute among his fellows. He had no connection whatever with pantomimes or with theatrical people. Though, as a hosier, he sold stockings, and stockings are intimately related to human legs, and human legs to dancers, and dancers to pantomimes, and so following, he did not know a single clown by sight. He was not fond of theatres; but he amused himself, when he had closed his shop, at the public-house.

He frequented the "public" so often that he became bankrupt, and had to leave his house in the broad road for a small tenement in Little Branscombe-street, where his wife, a thrifty and economical woman, let lodgings. Not having a shop to attend to, Mr. Tewson went to the utter bad, and drank beer whenever he could get it. He drank malt till he grew weary, and took to gin-and-water, from gin-and-water it was an easy transition to gin neat. In short, Mr. Tewson became a swinish, sopping, sodden drunkard. Away, Tewson! We will speak no more of thee. Slink to the filthy tap-room, where slangy ruffians befool and mock at thee. No longer shalt thou darken the pages of this, thy fresh, fair daughter's history.

Mrs. Tewson had to face the world without assistance from her maudlin husband. They had but one child—little Sally, who was about seven years of age when her mother discovered that the prospects of hosiery were worse than bad; and, her first-floor lodger having absconded to Australia without paying his last quarter's rent, again put a card in the shop window, upon which was printed the words, "Furnished lodgings."

How intricately are woven together the weft and warp of fate. Had not the first-floor lodger absconded to Australia, that placard never would have been put in the shop window; and had not that placard

been put in the shop window, Miss Sarah Jane Tewson would never have appeared upon the stage as Columbine.

For three days the outer world paid no attention to Little Branscombe-street, or to the placard. On the fourth day a tall lady called to see the rooms, approved, and took possession of them.

The name of the new lodger was Mrs. Gresham Vernon. She was an actress, and played the leading business at the large theatre within a stone's throw of Little Branscombe-street. Little Sally sometimes waited on her, and was deeply awed by her calm, languid manners, her large grey eyes, aquiline nose, and deep voice. Mrs. Gresham Vernon grew very fond of Sally, and told her all about the late Mr. Gresham Vernon, who had been a great actor, and had been drowned on the voyage to America. Mrs. Vernon often employed our little heroine in sewing silver lace round the hems of velvet gowns, and Sally used to think how lovely the lace was, and what a happy woman Mrs. Gresham Vernon must be to have so many yards of it.

"Please, Mrs. Vernon," said Sally, one frosty February Monday morning, "shall you want any silver-lace sewing round your crimson robe for to-night?"

"No, my dear," replied the lady in that deep tone that always made Sally feel as if she had watchworks or a small organ vibrating inside her; "but I'm going to ask your mother if she will let you accompany me to the theatre this evening. I've done in the fourth act of the first piece, thank goodness, and I mean to go into the box and see the pantomime."

That day decided Sally's destiny. She touched neither dinner nor tea; she was dressed ready for the theatre by half-past three p.m.; she watched Mrs. Vernon like a detective, lest that lady, forgetful of her promise, should leave the house without her.

At last the leaden hours flew by, and Sally found herself within the theatre. After a short interval of green cloth and music, the curtain rose upon the first piece, and Sally beheld Mrs. Vernon reclining on a couch. But could that be kind, good-natured Mrs. Vernon? That haughty virago who derided the villain in armour, and everything else besides? That mocking sneer, that sardonic laugh, could they be Mrs. Vernon's? Sally felt frightened as she saw her patroness brandish a dagger, and offer to conduct the good man who had nothing on but a light linen shirt and a tiger skin to the tent of the villain in armour for purposes of murder. Even when she came into the box in the bonnet and shawl of private life Sally felt as fearful of her as Friday of Robinson Crusoe when he discharged his gun. However, like the poor savage whose untutored mind did not understand the properties of gunpowder, her fears ultimately wore off.

The opening of the pantomime of "Harlequin Humpty-Dumpty Sat on a Wall, or Sindbad the Sailor and the Good Fairy at the Bottom of the Sea, and The Three Tailors of Tooley-street," did not interest Sally. She was astonished at the new world of gnomes, and imps, and fairies, and salamanders that opened to her, but no more. It was not till the transformation of the characters that her attention became rapt. When the good Fairy said to Sindbad,

Thy Hinda shall be thine; and, to begin,
Assume the shape of glittering Harlequin!

and Harlequin, patched, hatted, and batted, twirled on the stage, and danced, shook his spangles, and wagged his head, she held her lips apart. The good Fairy continued:—

And thou, fair Hinda, who all charms combine,
Attend his path as lovely Columbine!

and a muslined vision of female beauty bounded on the stage, amid the frantic plaudits of an enlightened public. Little Sally's face became rigid. She did not answer Mrs. Vernon's questions—she did not hear them. Her future stirred within her. She heard nothing, saw nothing, but Columbine; the tinsel entered her soul, and, as she drove home in Mrs. Vernon's cab, she mentally resolved to be a Columbine, or, meeting maternal opposition, to drown herself in the waterbutt in the back kitchen.

Worn out by importunity, Mrs. Tewson at last consented that the child should learn "stage dancing" of Mr. Zenobia, the Harlequin, a gentleman known to his familiars as Johnny Zeb; and with him little Sally's trials began. She was "turned out" till her limbs were stiff and sore. The pain she endured in being taught "to point" was extreme, and she suffered a small martyrdom before she could learn a "toe solo"—that is, to walk about with her heels in the air, and use her great toes in place of the soles of her feet. But Sally was resolved, and conquered; and at the end of the first quarter was informed that, with five years' tuition, and eight hours' practice daily, she might with time and perseverance make a tidy dancer.

The following Christmas she was engaged at a theatre, and danced at the back with eleven other little mites attired as fairies. On the fifteenth night, while waiting to be hooked on to a revolving rainbow, she tumbled on to the stage and broke her nose. Her mother said "she would have no more of the nasty playhouse," and Sally cried incessantly for three days, at the end of which time Mrs. Tewson relented, and Sally rejoined the dumpy, flat-footed little elves.

Sally practised, and pirouetted, and battement-ed, and toe-solo-ed with unwearied energy, and at fourteen years of age was engaged at a large theatre as one of the "extra ballet." A vacancy occurring—Miss Devannes leaving the stage to become the bride of Captain Starkie, of the Madras Invincibles—and the grace and beauty of Miss Tewson having been remarked, she was promoted to the front rank of the regular corps de ballet, vice Miss Devannes married, to the great jealousy and indignation of both the "extras" and the ladies of the regular corps.

Sarah Jane Tewson was christened Mdlle. Celestine by a stage manager, who objected to so commonplace a name as Tewson in the bills. Celestine gained still further promotion by dancing solos, and became a Columbine two pantomimes ago, thus obtaining the realisation of her fondest wishes, although she confesses to herself that the personation of Mdlle. Harlequin is not so brilliant a pleasure as her childish hopes anticipated.

Mrs. Tewson considers her daughter the greatest of living actresses, that old lady not recognising any difference between the votaries of Melpomene and Terpsichore. She sometimes accompanies her child to the scene of her triumphs, and when she sees her dressed and dancing sheds tears of rapture, and thinks that, if that wretch Tewson were not in bed and drunk, how happy the sight would make him. Mrs. Tewson is stout, and carries an umbrella, as all Columbines' mothers have done from time immemorial. She is rather ill-tempered at times and given to coughing and sniffing significantly and disparagingly, and is looked upon behind the scenes as a nuisance.

Celestine has a sweetheart—a master plumber and glazier, of the name of Hitchins—who escorts her home every night, and carries the little basket that contains the bunch of keys. The poor fellow is rabidly jealous of the actors, and hates the theatre with a fervour equal to his love for Celestine. Once, when his adored showed him a bouquet that a "gentleman in a private box with large black whiskers" had sent to her, he flew into such a violent fit of passion that Celestine refused to walk home with him, and, as she said, "turned him off for ever!" The poor fellow haunted the stage-door for three weeks, implored pardon, and even threatened suicide; but Celestine was inexorable. Hitchins was not seen or heard of for ten days, when Celestine went into the back kitchen, and, before her mother's eyes, quietly and deliberately smashed a pane of window-panes.

"What did you do that for?" inquired the astonished matron. "Never mind, mother," was the reply. "Send for Charley to mend it."

So the quarrel was cemented and the lovers reunited. Dear Sally, when you are married, may you be as happy as now, amid property vegetables, silvered fountains, and coloured fires, in the Everlasting Arcades of Endless Happiness and Bowers of Bliss, and may your children be beautiful blessings and beatific fairies to you!

And, dear Columbine, with your strange experiences of pink rocks and brilliant fairy-land on one side, and bare boards and coarse canvas on the other, may those who—unknowning your sacrifices to

your family, of the tipsy fathers, helpless mothers, and tiny sisters fed by your exertions—disparage thee—in their smoother path of life, move as gracefully and trip as seldom!

NO. II.—HARLEQUIN.

In Mr. Dickens's wonderful novel of "Hard Times" Mr. Bounderby expresses great astonishment that boys should be apprenticed to horse-riding. It would doubtless have been a matter of equal surprise to that estimable person if he had heard that boys were apprenticed to Clowns and Harlequins in the same regular and formal way—stamp, parchment, indentures, and all—as to tailors, hatters, butchers, bakers, and candlestick-makers. Nevertheless, disgusting as the statement may appear to Messrs. Bounderby, Gradgrind, McChoakumchild, and other political economists and employers of labour of severely practical turn of mind, it is a fact; nay, even Columbine are apprenticed, and very hard work do these pantomimic 'prentices have to go through before they are pronounced even journeymen in their calling.

Harlequin proper—Harlequin in full pride of patch and bloom of spangles—differs from the Clown, in private as in public life, by being more compact, neater, and dapper. He has a thin waist, well-rounded hips, something too feminine for a man, and a well-balanced head stuck on a symmetrical neck. The expression of his face is that of a man who goes through life doing cavalier soul, and, as he is a dancing-master, it is no wonder that his lower extremities should be better cultivated than the superior and nobler portion of his anatomy.

Harlequin, like Clown, is always a married man, but, unlike Clown, he is generally childless. Notwithstanding, he has a paternal manner in consequence of his practice of taking pupils. His wife has generally been a pupil, a pretty, graceful girl, whom he has distinguished from the rest, taken more pains with, danced pas de deux with, taught too solos, and "turned out" with the greatest care. The young lady, thoroughly acquainted with the state of her master's feelings, makes no sign of her knowledge, but redoubles her assiduity, practices morning and night, and twirls, bounds, pirouettes, and cuts as only a woman can when inspired by love. Harlequin, although somewhat of a tyrant as a master, is diffident as a lover. If he could speak with his feet he would speedily declare his passion. At length, when alone, in their practising dresses, rehearsing the pas Tyrolienne, after he has spun her round at the conclusion, he leans breathless over her shoulder, and, putting his face close to hers, pants out,

"Julie, dear, I love you! Will you be mine?"

The young lady does not reply. Not because she, too, is out of breath; but because she does not know what to say. But she does what is quite as good, if not better, she lets her head fall upon his shoulder and remain there for several minutes. In vain he tries to raise her face to look at it; she keeps it close to his breast, obstinately. He lowers his head to hers, kisses her, and they both bound off into the last step of the pas Tyrolienne with renewed vigour. They are married shortly afterwards, and the steel plate is taken off Harlequin's door to be put up again with this interesting addition:—

"Monsieur and Madame Praddi (Harlequin's name is Pratt), dancing-classes morning and evening," &c.

Harlequin is usually attired in professional black, which he changes for a white, stonemason's sort of jacket and trousers, in which he rehearses at the theatre. He seldom wears jewellery, has long hair, and a soft, feminine method of speaking, derived from young ladies' boarding-schools.

He generally affects the society of women rather than of men. Among women he is an authority—can give opinions upon points of figure, dress, costume, colour; and there are many subjects upon which he feels in common with the gentler sex, the love of dancing—graceful motion to music—being the most prominent. The man followed by men will be a boxer, a swordsman, an carman, or an athlete of some sort. Men have but small curiosity as to the personal habits of singers and dancers, over whom women throw the romantic associations of their art. It is possible, too, that the exclusive study of music or dancing may effeminate a man, and to an extent unfit him for the society of his fellows.

It is, perhaps, for these reasons that Harlequins are of a domestic turn, taking but little pleasure out of doors, and being seldom seen but in the society of their wives.

They are not dependent upon the Christmas season as Clowns are. Dancers, dancing lessons, and deportment are required all the year round. Even when poor, Harlequins possess great advantages.

They sometimes play small parts in theatres, and play them very well; but those parts must be humorous. Harlequin, from a shrillness of voice induced by constant dancing, is incapable of tragedy. Numerous are the instances where, with the best intentions, the correctest grammar, and the most perfect deportment, he has spoiled a scene from mere vocal peculiarity.

In Sheridan Knowles's play of "William Tell," a man was required to appear on a high rock at a given signal and to shout from that peak or eminence, "The patriots are coming over the hills!"

This part was of the utmost importance. It was at the culminating point of the play. The tyrant Gessler was triumphant; Tell was in his power; and the cantons, roused at last to a sense of vengeance, topped the hills, shouting "Liberty!" and prepared to fight for it. Who could speak this important line? Every man in the theatre was engaged as either Austrian or Swiss.

The prompter suggested that a woman might be intrusted with it. The stage-manager, that brilliant idea not having occurred to him, immediately snubbed it.

"No," said he. "It mustn't be spoken by a woman."

Mr. Roscoe at this moment crossed the stage. The stage-manager was suddenly seized by a brilliant inspiration.

"There's Roscoe," said he. "Let him do it."

Mr. Roscoe was the Harlequin, and immediately objected.

"No, no," he said, in his shrill treble. "You know I can't cackle (speak)."

Mr. Roscoe's refusal confirmed the stage-manager in his desire. It was that personage's habit to be very harsh in manner with his subordinates. It was, doubtless, rarer manner; for to the manager and to "stars" he was blandness itself.

"Nonsense! you'll do it very well!"

"But what is there to say?" asked the Harlequin.

"The patriots are coming over the hills!"

"That's a good lot," remarked the Harlequin; "and you know I'm not used to study."

"Well, we don't play it till Monday; there's time enough between this and then," said the stage-manager.

"Only four days!" objected Harlequin.

"And there are only seven words. It's not two words a day. It won't break your back. Write out the line for him. There it is."

"The patriots are coming over the hills!"

"I hate study," sighed the Harlequin; "but never mind. 'The patriots are coming over the hills!'" and he walked away.

Half an hour after he appeared on the stage again, and asked the prompter,

"What are coming over the hills?"

"The patriots!—patriots!" replied that functionary.

"All right! Patriots! 'The patriots are coming over the hills!'"

And for the next four days Mr. Roscoe was heard to mutter in corners,

"The patriots are coming over the hills!"

"The patriots are coming over the hills!"

"The patriots!" — &c.

The poet says,

There's a divinity doth shape our ends,

Rough hew them how we may.

And sometimes there is a density of perception that chooses its own mispronunciation, practise the pronouncer six hours a day.

The night came. The audience was enthusiastic. Mr. Roscoe, attired as a stage Swiss peasant—that is, in every respect unlike a peasant of Switzerland of any time or place—awaited his cue on an elevated platform.

The cue was given, and Mr. Roscoe darted on to the summit of a rock and struck an attitude like the herald Mercury. His costume made him feel like the lover in a Swiss ballet. He looked off at the supernumeraries, who also were attired as stage-Swiss. His Terpsichorean proclivities overcame him, and he shouted at the top of his shrill, reedy, child-like voice,

"The PASTORALS are coming over the hills!"

It was too much for the audience. The piece was spoiled, and the curtain fell amid uproarious laughter.

"I told you I couldn't study at a short notice," said Roscoe to the stage-manager, triumphantly.

A considerable amount of danger attends the performance of Harlequin. Sailors are said to live with but a treacherous plank between them and eternity. Harlequins, at times, have nothing between them and death, or, at the best, lameness for life. But what is more treacherous and rotten than a plank? The memory of a drunken carpenter. Not a Christmas passes without some dreadful accident to some Signor Somebody or Mr. Sutehawon. The accidents are all alike; there is never the slightest variety; and the story of one will do for all.

Little Jack Springtoe was a clever, dapper, active, little fellow, and one of the best Harlequins upon the stage; none more nimble, light, wiry, or ubiquitous. Early in life he had married a dancer; the match was in every respect a happy one, although unblesed by children, a calamity over which Jack and his pretty little wife often mourned.

"Bill Mivins's wife has got another baby, Polly," said Jack to his better half, one day.

"Has she, really?"

"Yes. That makes seven; a little girl this time. What lucky fellows Clowns are! The audience only think of them; they care nothing for Harlequins and Columbines. What's the use of a Harlequin, now that they have Tumblers and Sprites in the comic business? He's only there to carry a bat, to bat the tricks; and them Clowns have children, while us poor Harlequins!"

"But I should think that Mivins could hardly afford to keep them all!"

"No, Polly; that's just it. We are doing pretty well, as we've no babies to spend it on. Poor Bill is in Queer-street, so he has one every year. Put on your bonnet, and let's go to rehearsal."

But although Mr. and Mrs. Springtoe had no children, they had their own families to provide for. Mrs. Springtoe had a mother; and Jack himself a mother, an aunt, and his aunt's two children, all of whom were fed, lodged, clothed, washed, and semi-educated from the exertions of two pairs of heels. Jack's aunt, who was a sister of his father, was a heavy expense and but small comfort, for the good lady disapproved of theatrical entertainments altogether, and considered players as the especial pets and agents of the Evil One. When Jack called with her money she would upbraid him for following so disreputable a calling; and, after pocketing her allowance, exhort her two children to take example by Jack's vicious courses, and never visit a playhouse, which was an abode of Satan, a snare for the unwary, and a pitfall, where the half-price was only one shilling.

"Imagine my 'orror, my dear babes," she said, on one occasion, "when I passed the door, the other night, of that place of perdition, to see the words a staring 'of me in the face, 'Pit full!' Ay, yes; well might they say 'Pit full.' And to think of you, John, so disgracing 'of yourself; it makes my bones creep as I lay awake at night, a thinking 'of the kittle in the morning."

Jack usually laughed this sort of thing off by saying,

"You see, aunt, I don't know any other trade, and it brings in the browns!"

"Oh, John!" the outraged lady would reply, "that is but a poor excuse; and you cannot earn much if I may judge by the small dole you bring here 'as the portion 'of my two poor children, your own flesh and blood. Of course, I know Mrs. Springtoe requires new dancing dresses every week in order that she may be admired by the men, and perhaps that keeps you poor."

Although Jack bore all this patiently enough, and suffered himself and his calling to be abused by the admirable Mrs. Snarrit, Mrs. Springtoe by no means evinced the same philosophy, and whenever the two ladies met a battle royal would ensue, in which Mrs. Harlequin would not hesitate to say that Mrs. Snarrit was a mean woman to find fault with the very means which brought her bread, and that people living upon charity should be civil to their benefactors. The row once begun, Mrs. Snarrit, nothing loth, would gird her tongue up for the fight, and it usually terminated by Mrs. Springtoe hinting that the elder lady was a hypocritical old humbug, and by Mrs. Snarrit, after thanking Heaven that she was not a dancing trollop, calling her niece a painted Jezebel.

But Mrs. Snarrit was soon relieved of her fears for Jack's future, and of the weekly allowance made her by that child of sin.

The following Christmas the pantomime of "Harlequin Cinderella and her Little Glass Slipper; or, Goody Two-shoes' Bower, The Babes in the Wood, and the Electric Telegraph," was a great success. Jack was the Harlequin, and, though his wife was not the Columbine, she danced in the opening; for pantomime has recently been so well re-arranged, that as there is little else but dancing after the transformation, they have, for the sake of variety, introduced a little dancing before it also.

In the third scene of the "comic business" Jack had to take a leap through the window of a hairdresser's shop. Our readers have seen Harlequin dart head foremost through walls, fireplaces, and panels. This is called, technically, "The Leap," and Jack used to take it cleanly every night, to the intense delight of the densely-packed visitors to the gallery.

The leap through which Harlequin jumps is a square frame of wood and canvas hung upon hinges, which his head throws back; the spring from the stage takes him half way through, and then his hands, fixed against the woodwork of the scene, propel him the other half. Four stage-carpenters, their hands firmly clasped together, await behind the scene to catch him in their arms. Should the carpenters fail to be there, broken bones, and the temporary loss of the use of a limb, and often worse, is the inevitable result.

The carpenters at the theatre at which Jack and his wife were playing were a fine, sinewy set of fellows, and Tom Boscombe was the finest and strongest of them all—a hearty, broad-chested, muscular man, with a brawny hand that, as it smote the pavier bar of the public-house, made the bottles and the glasses ring again. He looked an admirable specimen of the hearty mechanic. What guile could there be in the man who could drink so much beer at a draught as Tom could? Who but an honest fellow would shave so seldom, or perspire so freely? Who but a regular trum, and a jolly, genuine John Bull would use such thunderous expletives? There was manliness and goodhumour in his dirty jacket, his griny face, and jet-black nails.

Tom was an old servant in the theatre, and considered by the master-carpenter to be worth his weight in—sawdust!

Christmas is a fine time for carpenters. Fairies have to go up traps and to descend in cars; and from whoever they pull up or let down they (the carpenters) expect beer—the hearty, honest dogs!

Should the demon or fairy—who may be in the receipt of eighteen shillings or a pound a week—object to "standing," it may be worse for them. "Traps" and "travellers" are complicated pieces of machinery, often out of order, and accidents will happen in the best regulated theatres.

Mr. Harlequin Jack Springtoe followed the example of all other Harlequins, and "tipped" the carpenters handsomely. His limbs were of more consequence to him than a few coppers per night. Honest Tom was one of the four appointed to catch him when he made his leap.

After the thirty-first night of "Harlequin Cinderella," &c., Jack was leaving the theatre, muffled up against the cold. Outside the stage-door he met honest Tom, who had evidently been drinking.

"Muster Springtoe, Sir," said honest Tom, touching his forehead with his knuckles, "drop o' beer, Sir?"

"Tom, is that you?" said Jack.

"Yes, Sir. Stand a drop o' beer, Sir—cold night, Sir!"

* Wires from which fairies and other supernaturals are suspended.

"But I always stand to you and the other three men, Tom."

"Yes, Sir—I know Sir—you do—most 'andsome; but I want a drop for myself to-night, if I may make so bold, Sir."

"I think you've had quite enough to-night."

"Poor man, Sir, and I'd do anything for one as is liberal."

"You know, Tom," said Jack, "I always give you beer in the regular way; but I can't afford to 'stand' to every carpenter separately too; it won't run to it."

"Only this once, Sir, Muster Springtoe. Know'd you when you was a boy, Sir. Just a pint?"

"No, Tom; I stand every night, and I don't think you ought to ask me."

"Just this once, Sir, only a pint?"

"Good-night!" and the Harlequin walked away into the falling snow.

Three nights passed. On the fourth, after the conversation between the Harlequin and honest Tom, the "hairdresser and optician flats" were "run on," and the scene proceeded as usual. Jack took the leap!—there was no one behind the flat to receive him!—he fell bruised and bleeding!

The pantomime proceeded without a Harlequin—Columbine "bating" the tricks, and doing the best that she was able. The audience, though informed by the stage-manager of the accident, sat out the performance with a stoicism worthy of a better cause.

The wounded man was conveyed home in a cab to his wife, who was awaiting him with a hot supper.

He rose from his bed after a long and weary illness—after enduring all the terrible operations which the best and kindest medical advisers could devise—a cripple! His occupation was gone from him for ever!

Honest Tom, on that fatal night, had, to the intense surprise of his comrades, stood a quart of beer in the scene-dock—the place where the "flats" are piled. Although warned by one of his comrades that the time for the leap was approaching, he said that he knew there were full five minutes to spare, and what was the use of men leaving their beer to stand shivering behind them flats? Who shall paint the worthy fellow's consternation when he heard of the accident? He could hardly believe it. He from his post! He who had been in the theatre since the late Mr. Loosfish's time! He was shocked, and compelled to get drunk for a whole week to overcome his feelings.

Poor Jack Springtoe now keeps a shop for the sale of tobacco, newspapers, toy theatres, and Skell's dramatic characters; and hobbles out of the back room whenever a customer rings the little bell—He with a crutch, once so active, agile, and alert. The business is not worth much, and the burden of the support of himself and mother falls upon his wife, who does her duty like a true woman. She is still handsome and clever, and dances as charmingly as ever. She is economical to a degree, and comforts her crippled husband as only such a wife can.

It is reported among a few fast men that she lives at St. John's-wood, and keeps a brougham. The poor woman never hears these slanders, and, if she did, would treat them as they deserved. She is relieved from the maintenance of admirable Mrs. Snarrit, who has married a thriving grocer, and who always speaks of her nephew's accident as a judgment.

Honest Tom got into some trifling trouble with the authorities of the parish for the desertion of his wife and children; but he pleaded his former character, promised amendment, and got over it somehow. He is still a stage-carpenter, and much admired for his manliness and spirit.

Reader, if this Christmas you see a Harlequin dart through a wall, hope that the men are behind ready to receive him.

(To be continued.)

T. W. R.

LAW AND CRIME.

BARON BRAMWELL deserves to be well remembered by the community. He did something towards ridding us of the garotte soundrels. He has now taken another decided stand against a prevalent mode of extortion, which we have exposed over and over again in these columns for the last seven or eight years. We allude to a class of causes known to the legal profession as "attorney's actions." A penniless scamp brings an action upon some sort of foundation, or, occasionally, none at all, against a respectable person, who, unless he be terrified into a compromise, is obliged ultimately to pay heavy expenses on his own side, whatever may be the verdict, while, if this be adverse, he will be mulcted in all the costs of the plaintiff. The attorneys who bring this kind of action are as well known by the profession generally as pickpockets are by the police. It is known, moreover, that, in a great number of the cases, the attorneys whose names appear upon the record have nothing more to do with the matter than the receipt of a percentage, or annual allowance, from certain taproom pettifoggers, to whom for such a consideration they are content to lend their names. There is, it is true, a certain Incorporated Law Society, to whom a charter and extensive penal powers have been granted upon trust for the protection of the public against malpractices by attorneys, and especially against the allowance of the use of their names for such purposes as those mentioned. But the association has long subverted into that state of torpor to which corporations are subject. The press (we here speak of the daily journals, whence the weekly organs necessarily receive their reports) betrays a timidity in allusion to this gross system of extortion, and seldom by any chance records the name of the plaintiff's attorney in a trumpety action, however strongly the Judge who tries it may express his opinion thereupon. The Judges generally are peculiarly reticent in blaming the practitioner who thus misuses his position. And this fact has been, we do not pretend to say how truly, accounted for by the circumstance that the Judges, however irreproachable in their own conduct, know perfectly well that a large proportion of the business of the junior members of the Bar, not only in reference to ready-money fees, but to opportunities of "coming out" on one side or the other, depends upon, as the phrase runs, actions which "ought never to have come into court." We have ourselves observed, during the last few weeks, no less than three trials, all arising from the exclusion of publicans of obnoxious customers from their houses. That noble institution, the British jury, which has been wrested from a preservative of the liberties of the commoner into an instrument of pecuniary oppression, is not a little to blame in this matter. When a dispute occurs between two solvent clients of reputable solicitors, the latter seldom leave means exhausted to avoid a reference to the haphazard judgment of a dozen men chosen by alphabetical rotation, and usually including one if not several blundering ignoramuses. It is therefore with great pleasure that we record the following excellent remarks of Mr. Baron Bramwell upon a late trial of the character to which we have alluded—remarks which ought to be quoted by the counsel for every defendant brought into court to defend a vexatious action:—

Mr. Baron Bramwell, in summing up, characterised the action as most scandalous. It was not, he said, an honest action brought for the recovery of a sum of money which ought to be paid to the plaintiff, but was brought by an attorney to extract costs from the defendant and put them in his own pocket, or to terrify him, by the expense of a proceeding of this sort, to pay money which was not really due. He could not help stating most emphatically that there was a class of actions brought in these courts which almost made them a nuisance. When any bright little malicious accident happened in the street, and the attorney could by any possibility succeed in getting a verdict for a sum over £5, there was a class of men who would bring an action in one of the superior courts; and why the Legislature should in its wisdom have allowed these actions to be brought here, and why they should not have prevented such speculative litigation, he could not tell, because these wretched cases were not more difficult to try than actions for goods sold and delivered, in which it was necessary to recover £20 in order to get a body of costs from the defendant. But in these miserable cases, if they got £5 they had that plunder which was about as honest and legitimate as if, without form of law, they put their hands into the defendant's pocket and took out the money. He did not hope that, some of these days, this matter would be set right. It was disgraceful, and he said so as deliberately as he could!

THE DETERIORATION IN THE BREED OF IRISH HORSES has attracted the attention of the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland.

ENGLAND VERSUS AUSTRALIA.



DRESS CIRCLES HERE.

THE DRESS CIRCLE HERE—AND THERE.

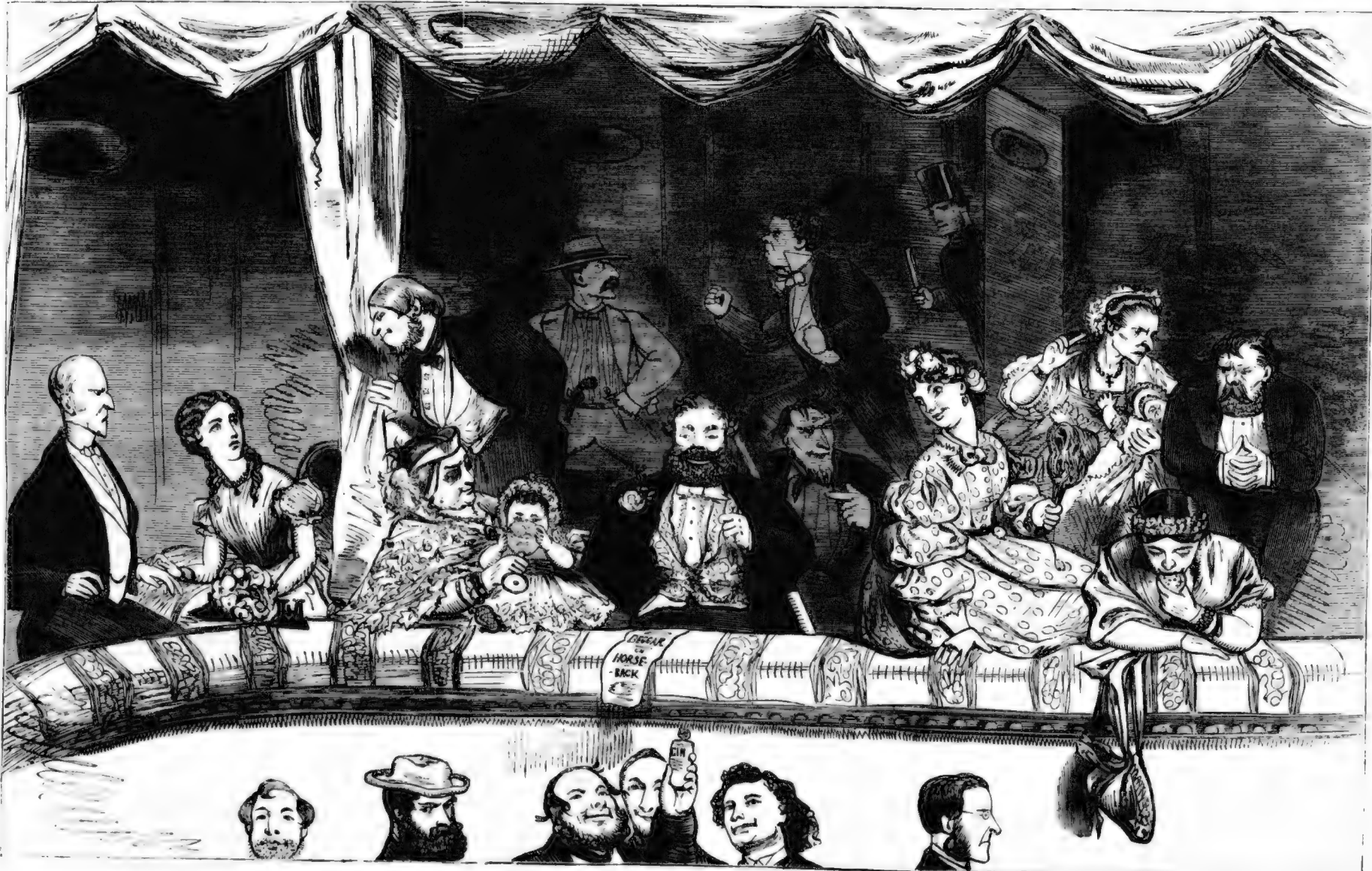
We have already considered the amazing contrast presented by the ballroom, as exhibited in our own country, where there is no lack of eligible partners and the hostess is able to exercise a judicious selection in bringing the right people together, and in that young giant of a colony where "society" is at present in a one-

sided and unmatched condition, and the star of a hundred soirées shines in undiminished lustre, with little fear of rivalry from too large a constellation of marriageable rivals.

In the theatre the contrast is equally astonishing, though from different causes. The audience there seems somehow to have changed localities, and that part of the company which we are here

accustomed to associate with the gallery occupies the best places, and, in very full dress, goes in for all the enjoyments of a "Victorian" audience.

We are all tolerably familiar with the "dress circles" of our own theatres, whether at opera or sensation drama—with the stately mamma who rustles in with her two daughters after the first act, and



DRESS CIRCLES THERE.—(DRAWN BY FLORENCE CLAXTON.)

sits with the utmost composure under the double-barrelled gaze of the levelled opera-glasses, which amuse the occupants of the stalls till the rise of the curtain; we know the junior member of the Government who is the convoy of two ladies in the box near the stage; we are familiar with the noble Lord who stands guard over his two fair companions with all the immovable self-possession of complete vacuity; we recognise "the press" in the front stalls, with opera-glasses slung round their necks, like black refreshment-flasks, and who hold conferences in the lobby before they rush off to write elaborate critiques for the next morning's paper; we are not unmindful even of the "second circle" and upper boxes, most of whom are in their places before the rising of the curtain, since "orders are not admitted after seven o'clock."

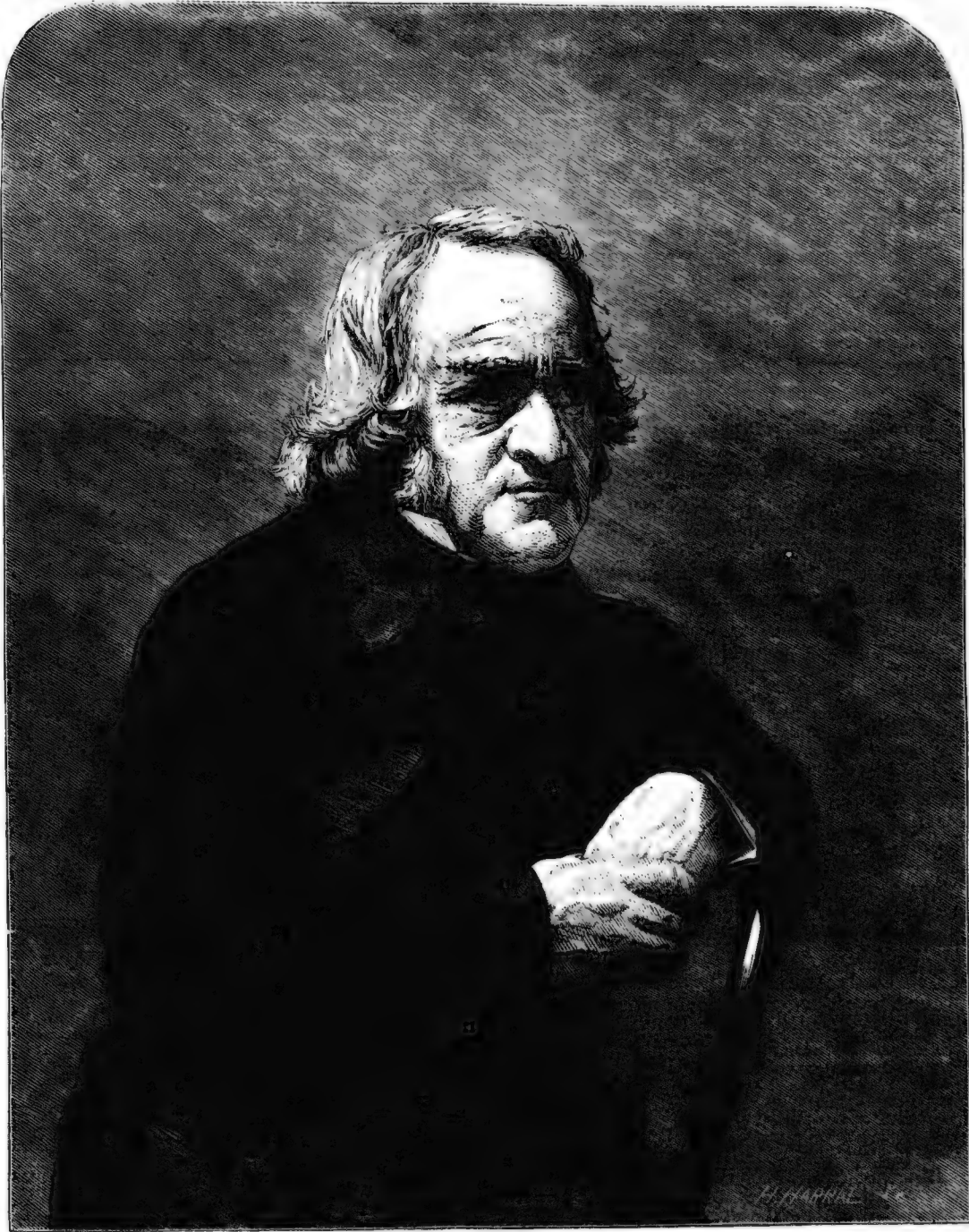
With regard to refreshments, is there not the "saloon," where frisky bottled ale, pungent lemonade, flat sherry, and granular ices are obtainable for all those who desire them; and the little stall, at the side of the pit, where the popping of corks and the continued passing of sloppy tumblers distract attention from the measured accents of the last new tragédienne? Only of the gallery are we ignorant, for the gallery audience, although demonstrative on proper occasions, have little to do with the other portions of the house, and mostly take refreshment as it suits them, in the shape of oranges and bath-buns, retiring for the more potent stimulus of beer to the neighbouring tavern, where, if they are fortunate, they may meet the minor actors, who are "off till the last piece."

In Sydney, New South Wales, all this is changed. As we have before hinted, very full dress invades the dress circle, dazzles the beholders in private boxes, and disports itself in a way altogether "worth the money;" but that which was in England "a sixpenny gallery," now fills the select seats. The truth is, that the gallery has had its chance in a new community where all that was wanted was energetic pushing for a good place amongst the crowd; and as the gallery had learned how to push and squeeze in the old country, it has soon obtained a position in life which may seem very extraordinary, and is doubtless very inconvenient to others, but which it will keep while it can in defiance of Old World customs, in the making of which it had no part.

Some members of this very dressy dress circle are, perhaps, connections of those old settlers who were sent out at the expense of a paternal Government, and who were unable to assert themselves in any other way than by the accumulation of wealth, which has enabled their descendants to take a position in colonial society. By far the greater number of this fashionable audience, however, is supplied from the ranks of successful emigrants, with a talent for rough-and-ready business, or with a knack of finding lucky claims at the gold fields. Previous to the extension of the gold discovery, this aspect of the dress circle there was comparatively unknown.

An acute and careful observer (Lieut.-Colonel Mundy) who gave the world the benefit of his amusing diary during an official journey through the colony fourteen years ago, says:—

"In decency of demeanour the audience of the Sydney Theatre Royal is a prodigy compared with that of similar establishments in the seaport towns of the old country. The 'gods' are particularly well behaved. The dress-boxes are always unpeopled, unless an impulse be given by a bospeak or by the benefit of a favourite. These appeals act as a sort of mental gadfly on society. The herd rushes together with one consent, and disports itself in crowded discomfort; and once more, for a month perhaps, the playgoer whom a love of the drama only attracts has the house all to himself. In the pit of the Sydney Theatre one misses the numerous bald heads of an European parterre, for the people of New South Wales have not yet had time to grow old. On the other hand, the eyes of the stranger wander with surprise over the vast numbers of newborn babies—three or four dozen little sucklings taking their natural refection, whilst their mothers seem absorbed in the interest of the piece; their great, long-legged daddies, meanwhile, sprawling over the benches in the simplest of costumes—a check shirt, for instance, wide open at the breast, moleskins, and a cabbage-tree hat. It was a pleasant thing to see these good folks thoroughly enjoying themselves in this manner on a Saturday night, a week's wages and the door-key in their pockets, and all the family cares deferred till Monday morning. It would be a lesson to the used-up man



W. HUNT, MEMBER OF THE OLD WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY.



PETE AT GENEVA ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE ATTEMPT TO STORM THE CITY.—SEE PAGE 143.

of the world to witness the raptures with which some of the public favourites and their efforts, histrionic, musical, and salutary, are received and rewarded. Oh, it is delicious to mark the gratified countenances, and to hear the thundering plaudits which are especially awarded to the latter branch of theatrical art. Well may Mdm. —, the Sydney Columbo and Maitresse de Danse, most spherical of sylphids, bounce like an indiarubber ball. Well may Signor —, Harlequin and dancing-master, half-kill his fatted calves in acknowledgment of so much approbation.

Much of this, we repeat, is changed—changed by the enormous emigration which set in after the period of the author's visit; by the advent in Sydney of real English stars, some few of first and numbers of fourth and fifth magnitude, who began to look upon an Australian tour as a yet unwrought mine of wealth; by the necessary increase of theatres and amusements; and last, though not least, by the frequent irruption into Sydney of successful diggers, who hired carriages, dressed their hard-handed wives in satins, drank champagne out of tumblers, and made that money spin which had been earned with so much toil and self-denial. In this way the gallery came down to the dress circle, not altogether disdaining their old practices, but giving them a full-dress benefit, a guinea wreath serving to shadow a black eye, lemon-coloured kids split on horny hands, embroidered waistcoats covering chests tattooed with seafaring devices. In the fevered simulation of luxury which wealth could purchase, society was sometimes hustled to the wall by rough capitalists, who laughed at its discomforts, and liked "to show something for its money." The only thing society can do under these circumstances is quietly to let the fever die out, and to leave the dress circle to the usurers, who will, ere long, disagree amongst themselves, even in that place, and so come under the hand of the law, which is often more powerful to punish than to prevent, both here and there.

MR. WILLIAM HUNT.

THE name of Mr. William Hunt has for so long been associated with all sorts of pleasant pictures, engravings from which we have been accustomed to admire and to show to our children at Christmas-tide, that his portrait, which we publish this week, will be to many of our readers a seasonable and welcome guest. Having devoted his great talent to water-colour drawing, Mr. Hunt has done more perhaps than any living painter to bring that class of pictures to its true place in the world of art. The wonderful truth to nature, the exquisite appreciation of the colouring by which common objects are frequently presented as "things of beauty," and the proofs in his pictures themselves that the green lanes and the cottage porches of the village were his studios, the labourers and their children his best models, invest all Mr. Hunt's works with a charm which is too often wanting altogether in those of greater pretensions.

Bearing in mind what he has done for art and for its appreciation amongst ordinary people, we are glad to find that he occupies a prominent place at the present winter exhibition of sketches by members of the Society of Painters in Water Colours held at the gallery in Pall-mall East. Some of the thirteen subjects exhibited by Mr. Hunt include several studies in one frame; but there is not one of them, even the slightest sketch, which will not bear thoughtful examination. These studies comprehend a great number of particular facts in nature, which seem to have been studied less with reference to individual pictures than with a view to enlarge the general scope of the artist's knowledge.

It is generally acknowledged that William Hunt is the greatest colourist now living in England, and one of these frames containing "four landscapes" may be taken as an instance of his power of investing the most common and unattractive subjects with an interest which whole folios of clever sketches utterly fail to inspire. One of these four studies (none of them is larger than the palm of the hand) is a bit of a farmyard, just a gate and a paling, and a part of some farm buildings. There is not a figure nor an animal present; the yard itself is not even picturesque. There is absolutely nothing in the drawing, save the glorious golden sunlight which streams in upon the yard. This gives to the scene its beauty; and a true sun-picture it is, from the camera of the painter's brain. Look at the other scraps in the same frame. There is hardly one of them that would not have been despised as a subject by a skilful artist; not one of them in which he would not have introduced figures, or cows, or some object of interest; and, looking at the marketable value of his drawing, he would have been right. But Hunt was utterly indifferent to the subject; he wanted to possess his mind with some fact of nature which he there saw expressed—perhaps the luminous tint of the sky, perhaps the tone of the common land at his feet; and he painted it as he saw it, without selecting or caring for a good point of view, without troubling himself to make it pretty, or thinking of how it might please other people—only caring to penetrate the truth as far as he was able. And in this spirit good work is done; not necessarily by this method—all means are good under the direction of the simple, unconscious, truth-seeking spirit. The studies by this painter in the gallery, which are numerous, help us to understand how his eye has attained so subtle and keen a perception of the magical relations of colours to their opposites; he is never at fault when dealing with colour; let his subject be a head or an apple, a landscape or an interior, we recognise it as being faithfully, temperately, and harmoniously coloured.

This same marvellous faculty is apparent, too, in the very first series of sketches which stand to his name in the catalogue. A dark night in a street where the dull glow of firelight is seen from one or two houses, a freshly-broken mushroom, and a poor little dead bird, with the metallic gleam of his brilliant feathers just a little damaged: these are the slight subjects which suffice him. Here, too, we see the original sketch of "Topsy" and "The Village Pet," in the same frame with the head of a countryman, which, for drawing and expression, is one of the most perfect sketches of the collection.

Of sketches at Hastings and shipping studies there are several, the most attractive of which are those representing the surf running up the beach (you can almost see it seethe), and that quaint old spot just near the fish-market at Hastings.

To this wealth of subjects is added one which perhaps more than any shows the mastery of the artist when dealing with texture and with light. It is a little drawing of the room of Mary Queen of Scots at Hardwick Hall, and, quaintly enough, is placed in the same frame with a study of a peacock. The perspective of this room, the rendering of the old, dark, heavy-wrought tapestry, and yet the clearness produced by a bright, cool light from the window, have an astonishing effect.

All Mr. Hunt's sketches are small; but they are so varied and numerous that it is hard to say whether we are or are not disappointed at his having sometimes left those truthful and humorous studies of village life with which we are so familiar for other subjects wherein he is equally skilful.

Mr. Hunt's biography would be that of an earnest worker in art, not an uninteresting life, but one of which the details are those belonging to personal enthusiasm. He was born in Endell-street, Long-acre, in 1790 and first exhibited, as a member of the Old Society of Painters in Water Colours, in 1824.

A CHARADE was performed at Compléne on the word *courage*. The syllable *cour* was represented by a Sultan, personified by M. Aguado, surrounded by a number of charming women. The next syllable, *age*, was shown by four ladies dressed to represent the four divisions of life. The whole word was set forth in the tableau of Judith holding in her hand the head of Holofernes, the female figure being dressed in a robe of wondrous richness—gold brocade—covered with diamonds.

"WALLUP HIM WELL."—The principal of a public school has been sending circulars to the parents, asking for written authority to "inflict such punishment, corporal or otherwise," as may in his judgment be proper. The following answer proves that one of the parents at least was pleased with the idea:—"Dear Sir, Your fingering of a child is only recovered, I hope, as you know John will be his own master as you like. Hees a bad boy to John. Although I've been in the habit of teaching him to sit still, it seems to me he will learn nothing—his spelling is specially atrociously deficient. Wallup him well, sir, and you will receive my hearty thanks. Yours, MARY WALKER, P.S. Wall accounts for John being such a bad scollar is that he's my son by my wife's first husband."

MONEY OPERATIONS OF THE WEEK.

THE amount of business done in the Money Market has been slightly increased—owing, in some measure, to the fact that the Bank of England's 5 per cent. loan, in consequence of a new issue of £1,000,000, has been raised to £1,000,000. The amount of business done in the Money Market has been slightly increased—owing, in some measure, to the fact that the Bank of England's 5 per cent. loan, in consequence of a new issue of £1,000,000, has been raised to £1,000,000. The amount of business done in the Money Market has been slightly increased—owing, in some measure, to the fact that the Bank of England's 5 per cent. loan, in consequence of a new issue of £1,000,000, has been raised to £1,000,000.

METROPOLITAN MARKETS.

CORN EXCHANGE.—Only moderate supplies of English wheat have been on sale this week; nevertheless, the demand for both red and white wheat has ruled heavy, at a decline to the quotations of 1s. per quarter. In foreign wheat the imports of which have been on a full average scale—very little has been doing, and the rates have had a dropping tendency. Malt barley has supported previous rates; but grinding and distilling firms have rather given way in price. The malt trade has continued in a sluggish state, on former terms. In oats and beans very little has been doing, at previous rates; but in peas and vetches there has been a slight advance. The inquiry for flour has been much restricted.

ENGLISH CURRENCY.—Wheat, 4s. to 4s. 6d.; barley, 3s. to 3s. 6d.; malt, 5s. to 5s. 6d.; oats, 2s. to 2s. 6d.; beans, 2s. to 2s. 6d.; peas, 2s. to 2s. 6d.; per quarter; flour, 2s. to 2s. 6d. per 100 lb. CATTLE.—Full average supplies of fat stock have been on offer this week. Generally speaking, the trade has ruled inactive, at barely stationary prices: Beef, from 3s. 6d. to 5s.; mutton, 4s. to 5s.; veal, 4s. to 5s.; and pork, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 6d. per 100 lb. to sink the offal. NEWCASTLE AND LEADENHALL.—These markets have been heavily supplied. The trade, however, has been tolerably active, as follows: Beef, from 3s. 6d. to 4s. 6d. per 100 lb. to sink the offal. LARD.—The market is very quiet; yet prices are supported. SUGAR.—All raw qualities have moved off slowly, at the late decline in value. Refined goods, however, are firm, at 5s. 6d. to 5s. 8d. per cwt. for common brown lumps. The stock of sugar is 74,843 tons, against 61,470 tons last year.

COFFEE.—The demand is steady, at full quotations. Stock, 10,915 tons against 8,211 tons in 1862.

RICE.—Very little business is doing in any kind, at late quotations. Stock, 44,478 tons, against 54,890 tons last year.

PROVISIONS.—Irish butter moves off freely, at about stationary prices; but foreign is again rather dearer. Eggs are firm, at 1s. per doz. for Waterford available on board.

TALLOW.—Market flat, at 4s. 9d. to 4s. 10d. per cwt. for Y.G. on the spot. Stock, 71,000 casks, against 55,000 ditto last year. Rough fat, 2d. per lb.

OILS.—Lard oil is dull, at 3s. 6d. per cwt. on the spot. Rape is selling at 4s. 6d. to 4s. 8d. per cwt. for 100 lb. Olive, 5s. 6d. to 5s. 8d. per cwt. for 100 lb. Castor, 4s. 6d. to 4s. 8d. per cwt. for 100 lb.

SPICES.—Rum is in good request, at full prices. Proof Lowlands, 1s. 4d.; proof East India, 1s. 4d. to 1s. 5d. per gallon. Brandy is off from 3s. to 4s. 4d.; Hambro' spirit, 1s. 4d. to 1s. 5d.; English ditto, 1s. 4d. to 1s. 5d.; ditto, 1s. 4d. to 1s. 5d.; and English gin, for export, 1s. 4d. to 1s. 5d. per gallon.

HAIR.—Meadow hay, 4s. to 4s. 6d. per ton; clover, 4s. to 4s. 6d. per ton; and straw, 4s. to 4s. 6d. per ton.

COALS.—Best house coals, 1s. to 1s. 6d.; second, 1s. to 1s. 6d.; Hartley's, 1s. 4d. to 1s. 6d.; and man-of-war's, 1s. 4d. to 1s. 6d. per ton.

HOPS.—Most kinds are a steady sale, at full price—viz., from 7s. to 10s. per cwt.

Wool.—Very little is doing in any description. However, the quotations are well supported.

POTATOES.—The supplies are large, and the demand is heavy, at from 4s. to 9s. per ton.

THE LONDON GAZETTE.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 18.

BANKRUPT.—J. WELCHMAN, John street West, Blackfriars-road, dealer in jewelry. —H. HALL, St. Martin's-le-Grand, City, iron merchant. —G. G. ELLIOTT, Shoe-lane, City, bookseller. —J. KUFF, Kingston, Surrey, British wine manufacturer. —T. HIND, Halford terrace, Waltham, builder. —J. MARTIN, Rosemary-strange, Shapotters-street, Islington, wholesale milliner. —T. WILLIAMS, Rose-lane, Ratcliffe, cooper. —J. MANN, Market-gate, Manchester, ironmonger. —J. GALE, Portico, Portico, Manchester, ironmonger. —J. OSBORNE, St. John's-road, Hoxton, upholsterer. —J. G. CLARKE, South Parade, Brompton, builder. —E. UPHORN, Lower Belgrave-street, Hoxton-square, dairyman. —J. V. DE FLEURY, Addison-square, Margate, artist. —W. GRIFFITH, High-street, Poplar, grocer. —W. J. GINGER, Rixley-bank, Kent, carpenter. —W. JARRETT, Minster, Kent, market gardener. —W. S. MARSHALL, Kent, carpenter. —J. MANN, Market-gate, Manchester, ironmonger. —J. GALE, Portico, Portico, Manchester, ironmonger. —J. 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